

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXIII. No. 2118

London  
January 28, 1942



STATE EXPRESS  
555  
Cigarettes



McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

PALACE COURT  
HOTEL

★ Bournemouth's most Modern  
Hotel. All Hotel Bedrooms  
have private bathrooms en  
suite. Dancing weekends. ★  
Telephone in every room.

BOURNEMOUTH  
Tel.: BOURNEMOUTH 7100

Grant's  
Scotch  
Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

WETHERALL

BOND ST SPORTS CLOTHES

CONQUERING top coats suits and frocks about 8s. gns.  
STUDIO models about 12 gns. hand made KLASSIC 20 gns.

HIGHLAND  
QUEEN  
Grand  
Liqueur



MACDONALD & MUIR LTD. - Leith, Edinburgh  
Whiskeries—Glenmoray—Glenlivet & Glenmorangie

DRINK THE HEALTH OF THE EMPIRE  
in  
THE DOCTOR'S  
CEYLON TEA

2 oz. of The Doctor's  
Ceylon Tea goes  
much further than  
2 oz. of ordinary tea.

still

3/-  
PER LB.

Bulmer's

CHAMPAGNE CIDER

MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC  
CHAMPAGNE PROCESS . .



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

Obtainable at all the best  
Hotels and Restaurants



# THE TATLER

## and BYSTANDER

LONDON  
JANUARY 28, 1942

Price:  
One Shilling and Sixpence  
Vol. CLXIII. No. 2118

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



### The Spirit of Nurse Cavell Lives On

Mrs. Yvonne Roberts, a Frenchwoman, who is British by marriage, may prove to be the Nurse Cavell of World War II. During the last few months she has risked her life hundreds of times helping others to escape from the Germans. Now she has smuggled herself from France to Britain to join the Free French. In World War I Mrs. Roberts was awarded the Médaille Militaire—by the French—and sentenced to death—by the Germans—for the very work which she has done again in this war. Only the intervention of the late King Alfonso of Spain saved her from execution twenty-five years ago. War in 1939 found Mrs. Roberts in charge of hospital trains in eastern France. Later she volunteered as an ambulance driver. When France fell she evacuated a crèche of 150 babies—the oldest of them only eleven months—from Paris to Bordeaux, a distance of 300 miles which took eight days under the continuous machine gun fire of enemy planes. Countless men, women and children owe their freedom, and their lives, to the fearless ingenuity of Mrs. Roberts who is pictured above (left) with her companion, Marie



# Way of the War

By "Foresight"

## No Plugging

MEMBERS of the House of Commons won't have their proceedings broadcast. Although Mr. Churchill put the proposal ever so gently—and modestly—they shied at once. Not even for his most purple passages would they change with practice and create a precedent. I'm sure the Members are right.

Much of the power and mysterious influence of the Mother of Parliaments would disappear if the debating chambers were wired for broadcasting. The Old Lady would lose much of her dignity. Instead of making Acts for all, Members would be putting over personal acts, and there would be a "plugging" problem for somebody at the B.B.C. to handle. Fancy waking up in one's club after lunch to hear a pepped-up peroration from Parliament. For once Mr. Churchill was wrong, and he knew it. He gave the House free choice, and said that he wouldn't take it amiss if Members decided against him.

## Premier's Ingenuity

ONE cannot but admire the ingenuity with which the Prime Minister manages to travel vast distances without meeting the enemy, or even the slightest mishap. Hitler and Mussolini can meet with comparative ease and little danger (save from their own people), but Mr. Churchill has to cross their forward

lines each time he goes to the United States. I have no doubt that the Germans did their utmost to catch Mr. Churchill. What a prize for them! But one of the striking facts in this war, in spite of the development of wireless, appears to be the poor German Intelligence system. Hess showed how little the Germans knew about the happenings here. Even so, Mr. Churchill's 3,000 odd miles journey in a flying boat in eighteen hours was a great triumph over space and danger. I must say that it was made to look like a circus performance by the photograph of the Prime Minister at the flying-boat controls with a big cigar in his mouth.

Apparently all the Prime Minister's plans did not go right. He was to have flown from Plymouth to Wembley to join his wife at the football game between England and Scotland. Most disappointed man was that great showman, Mr. Arthur Elvin, general manager of Wembley Stadium. But Mr. Churchill must also have been disappointed to have missed such an opportunity.

## Political Problems

NOW the political atmosphere at Westminster has been cleansed by debate, we can discuss Mr. Churchill's position quite frankly. He came home to a lot of moans from the Men of Westminster. They were not all audible, for some of the critics restrained their complaints.



The Hon. Margaret Forbes-Sempill

The Hon. "Peggy" Forbes-Sempill is a Temporary Wing Officer in the W.A.A.F., and was photographed in her office. She is Lord Sempill's elder sister. Her mother is President of the Red Cross for Aberdeenshire

It appears that a few Conservatives resented the Prime Minister's journey to the United States at this time, and the length of time he remained there. This is surely short-sighted. As I said last week, history must praise the Prime Minister for the alacrity with which he risked so much to be at President Roosevelt's side. By this action he did much to lay the foundations of co-operation now and in the future between us and the United States. But the trouble seems to be that there was nobody at home to fill his place.

The fact is, of course, that this is Mr. Churchill's real political strength, and he knows it. Before the three days' debate on the war started, Mr. Churchill had a sounding made of public opinion in all parts of the country. It was flattering to himself, but not necessarily to his Government as a whole. But apparently one of the most interesting behind-the-scenes events in Parliament lately has been the defence of his father conducted in the smoking rooms of the House of Commons by Major Randolph Churchill. There have been some hot debates in secret.

## Price of Loyalty

IT seems that our M.P.s (particularly Conservatives) want the best of all worlds. They want to keep Mr. Churchill where he is, criticise him as much as they like, and get rid of those of his Ministers they don't like. Mr. Churchill—like every Prime Minister I've known—hates criticism. He resents it, and because of a deep sense of loyalty to his colleagues he stands by all his Ministers. In effect, he says, if they go, I go, too. This puts the politicians in a quandary. There's no answer to such a proposition, at least not from a Conservative Party point of view.

The managers of the Conservative Party know only too well that Mr. Churchill is their best asset. The Labour Party have failed to produce any Minister of real merit, with the exception of Mr. Clement Attlee. He's got a first-class brain and is exceptionally good in council, but in Parliament he loses all his power and thus lets down the Government side. The Liberal Party hang on to their traditions, but they have not attracted any politicians of recent years to justify them. Great responsibilities rest with the Conservative



A Welcome Return: Mr. Churchill Arrives at Downing Street

The Prime Minister was met by Mrs. Churchill and his eldest daughter, Mrs. Duncan Sandys, on his return from America. Mr. Churchill, who received a great welcome at Paddington Station, said he had made a "comfortable trip." He took over the controls of the flying boat in which he travelled for part of the journey. Lord Beaverbrook, Sir Dudley Pound and Sir Charles Portal accompanied the Prime Minister in the aircraft



### At a Film Premiere

At the first performance of "The Big Blockade" at the London Pavilion, were Cavalcanti, associate producer of the film and Mr. Dingle Foot, M.P., and his wife. Mr. Foot is Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Economic Warfare, with whose co-operation the film was made



### A Birthday Celebration

Mr. Lloyd George celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday by opening a canteen and recreation room for agricultural workers on his estate at Churt. He is seen drinking a toast with two of his employees, beside the van which carries the hot meals to the canteen

Party as a result, but some of their Members have been talking wildly of late!

### Teething Troubles

IF it can be any consolation to the critics of the Prime Minister, there are all the signs that the United States are going to have all the same production problems that we have. The report of the Truman Committee, and President Roosevelt's appointment of Mr. Nelson in charge of all production, indicates a measure of necessity.

We haven't got rid of all our production problems by any means, but even the unhappiest critic must admit that we have produced a lot of war material and satisfied a lot of demands. Even so, there have been powerful demands that we should have a Minister of Production with all-in authority to command labour and industry. Lord Beaverbrook has been the keenest advocate of this development, but has never been anxious to have the job himself. In considering what changes to make in his Cabinet, the Prime Minister has taken these facts into account.

### Unused Experience

LET us praise famous men. Mr. Lloyd George has celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday, his cheeks flushed with good health, and his vigour seemingly unquenchable. He has a vast reservoir of experience, and I've never been able to understand why it has not been used by Mr. Churchill. He found answers to many of our problems in the last war, and his original approach could help us in this.

Of course, it may not be anybody else's fault but Mr. Lloyd George's that he's not in the Government. His belief in the future may not have been as clear and as confident as Mr. Churchill's. If this be so, there's all the more reason why Mr. Lloyd George should have put his shoulder to the wheel long before this. His son, Major Gwilym Lloyd George, is doing a good job at the Ministry of Food. He's been tipped for promotion several times.

### Irish News

DEVELOPMENTS in the northern part of Ireland following the sudden visits to this country of Mr. J. M. Andrews, the Ulster Premier,

and Sir Basil Brooke, Minister of Commerce and War Production, will be interesting. I wonder how they will affect Mr. Eamon De Valera. Viscount Cranborne, as Dominions Secretary, crossed the Irish Sea recently to have talks with Mr. De Valera in Dublin. Lord Cranborne's object was to win the co-operation of Eire. But the only result was one of Mr. De Valera's most uncompromising speeches insisting on Eire's neutrality against all-comers.

Mr. De Valera is a remarkable man, and one must admire his adherence to a straight line, but what happens if you come to the cliff top? Do you walk into the sea? I predict that the people of Eire are going to feel unhappier still about their position, which is as Irish as any Irishman could make it. Many of Eire's finest sons are fighting with the British forces, and many of Eire's most prominent people recognise their dependence on an Allied victory. But Mr. De Valera will not change his tune. I suggest that the next move is with President Roosevelt.

### Strategy Co-ordination

FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN DILL is to be the link between President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill for the purpose of co-ordinating our strategy in the Far East. General Sir Archibald Wavell will send his reports to Washington and Sir John Dill will see that they reach the President and the Prime Minister. Instead of being Governor of Bombay, Sir John is going to be British postman in Washington.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal may occupy an important position at the London receiving end. When Mr. Churchill returned from the United States there were discussions about administrative changes which may mean a big job for Sir Charles Portal, and consequent changes at the Air Ministry. The Prime Minister appreciates the clear, determined mind of Sir Charles Portal, and for this reason has learned to rely on his advice.

### Dying Generals

AS I remember Field Marshal von Reichenau he was a shy, retiring man, and not the butcher he showed himself to be in Poland and elsewhere. He was very touchy about all things German, and resented any suggestion

of criticism. Even if we accept the statement that he died from a stroke, it does seem queer that so many German generals should be ill or ailing at the same time. The one thing German people have learned to revere has been the German General Staff. I am told from a most reliable source that Hitler's assumption of the Supreme Command some time ago literally sent a shiver through the German people. They don't trust amateur strategists.



### Prince Peter Visits The New Zealanders

Prince Peter of Greece arrived recently in England from Egypt, where he is liaison officer of the Greek Army to British G.H.Q. He is a cousin of the King of Greece. While visiting the New Zealand Club he talked to a member of the A.T.S. and a New Zealand sailor at the club

# Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Garbo on Skis

SOME elderly playgoers who remember the continental light comedies of forty years ago, in which the main ingredients were champagne, marital infidelity (always forgiven in the last act), *bals masqués* and still more champagne, will have recognised the link between these frivolous old pieces and the very modern *Two-faced Woman* at the Empire. This ancestry is confirmed when one finds on the programme "suggested by a play by Ludwig Fulda"; Fulda's plays, once very popular, date back to the 1880's.

In spite of chromium-plated cafés and ultra-modern gowns and dances, this film might have been equally effective in the days of "Die Fledermaus." Indeed in the present picture we are not far removed from the absurdities of that immortal joke, since here again a husband fails to recognise his own wife, who in this case wears no mask to conceal her identity.

PROBABILITY takes a complete holiday throughout this film, which might have as sub-title "The Adventures of a Scandinavian Ski-Instructress." The heroine is Greta Garbo, and for an hour and a half her life is, in the words of Lady Bracknell, crowded with incident. She meets a rich New York publisher (Melvyn Douglas) at a winter sports resort; they fall in love and marry. But he is a fickle creature, wobbling between the cares of business and the transports of love.

During the honeymoon he tires of his dowdy, charmless, instructional wife, and returns to New York where he has left a play-writing girl friend (Constance Bennett). Greta follows him, hides herself in the dark well of the theatre during a rehearsal at which her husband resumes dalliance with the girl friend, conspires with her husband's secretary

(Ruth Gordon), contrives an introduction to his partner (Roland Young), and later to her husband, disguised as her own twin sister. Swan of Avon, art thou there? Garbo has learned that Douglas frequents a certain café; she follows him, and finds him with his re-awakened flame.

HERE she exchanges her former role of staid, trained-to-the-minute athlete for a gorgeously attired *grande amoureuse* with a flair for eccentric dancing. And her husband, really believing her to be his wife's sister, falls in love with Garbo's double. After which the plot proceeds on well-known lines. Girl friend is left behind, husband accompanies Greta to her hotel, where he decides to divorce Garbo I and marry Garbo II.

Deciding to break the news to Garbo I he returns to the winter resort, where of course Greta has again installed herself as instructress. To cut a long story short, matters are adjusted and the couple settle down to legal joys, which, judging from husband's flirtatious tendencies and wife's emotional vagaries, are hardly likely to last very long. But a happy ending is the chord final in any movement; we are not to ask what happens in the next.

THIS film is excellent entertainment, without one dull moment. Prudes may object to the erotic atmosphere and ultra-Gallic quality of some of the lines. But, then, how amusingly is the tale told, and of what account are the prudes today!

And Garbo! Never was she more vivacious, more full of charm and finesse; she is an incomparable screen actress. One can, and I often do, confuse say Miss Dottie Dash with Miss Dashie Dott; after all, their faces, voices, and may we say, talents, are similar if not identical.

But who could ever mistake any other actress for Garbo? Or Garbo for anybody else? She has personality to the nth degree; her walk, her smile, her laugh, and above all, her voice, are hers and hers alone. George Cukor produces wittily and well.

IN complete contrast to the luxuries of New York is *Blood and Sand* (Odeon) founded on Vicente Blasco Ibanez's novel about Spain in the days before the civil war. Guitars and castanets, habaneras and seguidillas, mantillas, wine, bulls, polyandrous women. This film is the story of a young bull-fighter whose father was killed in the ring, whose childhood is spent in hunger and poverty, but whose one ambition is to follow in his father's footsteps. He gives an early exhibition of his talents in this direction by fighting a bull grazing in a field after he—the boy, not the bull—has been bathing. Against the wishes of his mother he hitch-hikes his way to Madrid, the Mecca of the bull ring; where after a chequered career he attains fame and money, marries his childhood's sweetheart, buys his mother a fine house, and, of course, a black mantilla. Then the inevitable "woman in the case" appears, this time an aristocratic lady of dubious morals, who, in a mood of daredevilish originality, throws him a rose into the arena. After which we get a lot of passion, sand, blood, and all the picturesque nonsense that was pre-war Spain. The usual business of the sentimental bull-fighter and the treacherous bull. But why *treacherous*? Why "bitch"? Jonathan Wild's fond spouse demanded of her husband the night before his execution, "Why bitch, Mr. Wild?" Why must the poor bull be degraded to the level of a cow?

NOT a terribly exciting or novel story, readers may say. But considering the two-hours-and-a-half length of the film, not tedious. This is largely owing to the excellence of the performers, and the chocolate-box beauty of the technicolour, which brings out all the glamour and sultry romance of Spain. Or does it? Technicolour invariably makes me feel sick. Tyrone Power again plays your unlovable boaster, and would he be more at home on a baseball ground? The ladies, who have Spanish hips, and all that go with them, are admirable; I forgot to notice who they are.



Garbo—Ski Instructress and Enchantress—The "Two-faced Woman" at the Empire

Garbo has a dual role in "Two-faced Woman." She is alternately a healthy-minded outdoor girl and a night club queen dancing the rhumba and the chika-choka between draughts of champagne enough to give anybody a hangover. It's all for a good purpose, of course—the bewitching of a philandering husband. And most successful the process is, too! In the first picture, Garbo I and her Broadway publisher-husband (Melvyn Douglas) are on their honeymoon in the snows. But it is not until Garbo II, as bewitching on the telephone as at all other times, takes the place of the earlier Garbo that husband Melvyn really appreciates his wife



1. Juan is determined to get to Madrid. He tells his childhood sweetheart, Carmen Espinosa (Ann Todd) of his plans. Some day he will return to her a great matador—perhaps the greatest of them all



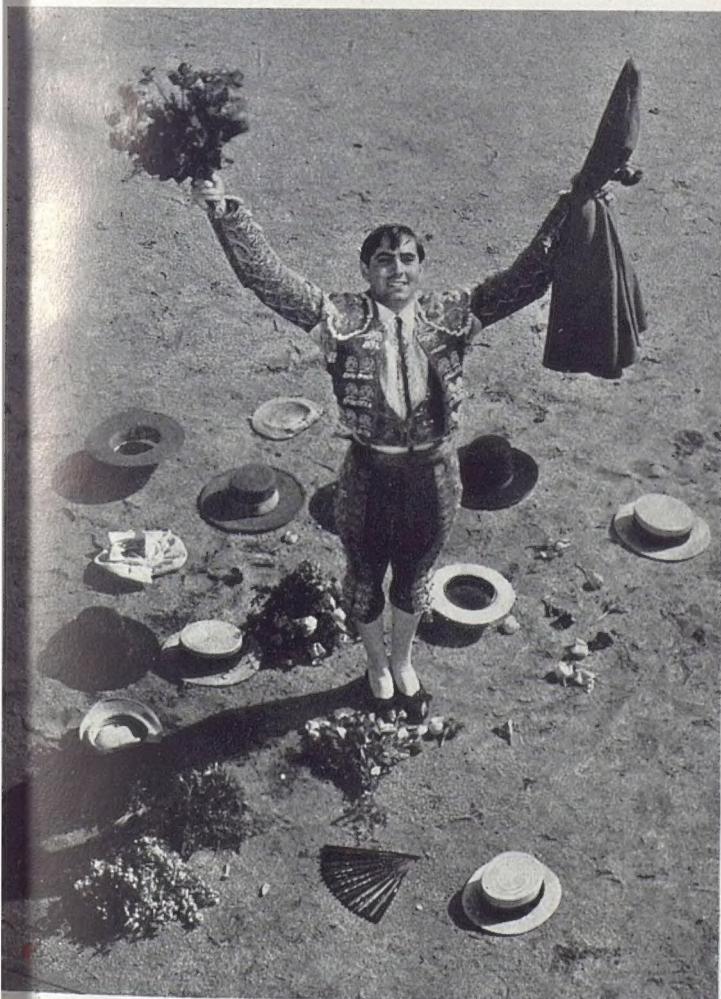
2. Juan keeps his word. Years have passed and Juan is hailed throughout Spain as the greatest matador of all. The crowds shout and cheer his name. He returns to Carmen who has waited faithfully and they marry



3. As Spain's greatest hero, Juan is feted everywhere. Hundreds of people follow him wherever he goes. In his dressing-room he reclines on a throne couch amid lavish splendour, revelling in the adulation

## Blood and Sand

All the Old Splendours of Spain Before the Civil War are Revived in Technicolour (Odeon)



4. A great and glorious victory. The cheers of the crowd are deafening. Hats, fans, flowers are thrown into the arena at the feet of their hero. Juan catches a bouquet thrown by the beautiful Dona Sol, niece of the Marquis de Moraima. He dedicates the bull to her

The film, directed by Rouben Mamoulian, is based on Vicente Blasco Ibanez's novel. It is the story of Juan, son of one of Spain's greatest matadors, who is killed in the arena when the boy is twelve years old. Juan treasures in memory the heroic deeds of his father and dedicates his life to following in his footsteps. He becomes Spain's greatest matador. But success—and the other woman—are his downfall. The crowds hoot where once they cheered. It is only at the cost of life itself that Juan makes a brilliant comeback. Tyrone Power plays the matador, Linda Darnell is Carmen, his wife, and Rita Hayworth as "the other woman," shows that she can act as well as she can dance with Fred Astaire



5. Dona Sol encourages the young matador. He becomes infatuated. Carmen leaves him and goes back to the home of her childhood

6. Too late Juan realises what he has lost. Fast living has taken away the cunning of his feet and hands. He goes to chapel to pray that his old skill may return. There he finds Carmen, the one true love of his life, praying that God may protect him



# The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

## Comus (New)

ONCE more to the ballet—perhaps, more specifically, I should say once more to the Sadler's Wells Ballet, since there are so many second, third, fourth and fifth rate ballets roaming around and coming to rest that it would be a pity to confuse Ninette de Valois's organisation with its competitors, offshoots and derivatives.

Not that, in these difficult days, the Sadler's Wells Ballet can be pronounced first-class in all respects, as one realised during a rather student performance of *Les Sylphides*. But it is first-class in respect of Margot Fonteyn; it is first-class in respect of Robert Helpmann; it is first-class in respect of Constant Lambert;

solved by Mr. Messel's unerring sense of period display.

CHOREOGRAPHICALLY Mr. Helpmann, whose first ballet this is, emerges it not startlingly, at least well—and well is well! The sword dance of the Brothers, the feast of the Rout, the whipping by the Attendant Spirit, the flowing entrance of Sabrina and her Nymphs, are fresh mint and of fine stamp.

Mr. Helpmann's own performance as Comus is vivid, vital, electric and worthy of the finest mime (I have said it before and shall probably say it again) since Nijinsky. In the course of the piece he delivers two passages from the poem with a cadence and an understanding that are rarely found in combination. But is it not a mistake that the orchestra should abruptly suspend operations at these points and so contribute to a feeling that the performance is being interrupted rather than continued. A musical background would be invaluable. I hope that this idea, which must already have been considered, will be considered afresh.

Again, on the entry of Sabrina and her nymphs, when virtue has triumphed and all should be mounting to a climax, there is, in spite of the beauty of the movement, a drop rather than an ascent, and here the introduction of Sabrina's song, which could be sung off stage by one or many voices, would help to lift us insensibly to the final picture, which

itself is beyond praise. If speaking, why not singing? Let the cherubim choir give thanks for the great blessing that has been conferred.

CONFERRED by many, and not least by Margot Fonteyn, who, as the Lady, is the essence of purity, the essence of chastity, a distilment of virtue, unassailable and exquisite. Conferred, too, by Margaret Dale as the Attendant Spirit, æolian, sufficient, conductive, firm and complete. Miss Dale has the stuff of the air in her. I shall be surprised if she does not give us great pleasure in the future.

To conclude, *Comus* is a success. Whether it pays (which I think it will) or not, it wasn't put on for the express purpose of making money. And we need not be ashamed of it, as we well might be of some of the rackets combinations of big names with noise now presenting examples of what we can do when we try to the many foreigners now in our midst.



Dago and Debutant: Robert Helpmann and Margot Fonteyn dance a tango travesty in "Facade"

and it is first-class in respect of the new production, *Comus*, which, eagerly expected, proved no disappointment, the music of Purcell being worthy of the words of Milton and the decor of Messel being worthy of both.

IT is Oliver Messel who emerges as the presiding genius of this lovely fragment. His backcloth, however derived, should be bought for the nation and housed in a new national gallery for the preservation and exhibition of scenic art. Alick Johnstone, having painted one masterpiece, should be equal to turning out a faithful copy. And there it should be hanging in the same room as Rex Whistler's original sets for *The Rake's Progress* and *The Wise Virgins*, Picasso's original cloth for *The Three Cornered Hat*, Derain's *Boutique Fantasque*, Hugh Stevenson's third act of *An Elephant in Arcady*—but I leave the complete list to Sir Kenneth Clarke when, in the fullness of time, this fascinating task devolves upon his shoulders.

There should be costumes, too, including, beyond question, the superb Messel *Comus* costumes—the exquisite costumes of Sabrina and the Lady, the formal and ethereal convoluted costume of the Attendant Spirit, the impeccable Carolingian aberrations from grace and lapses into beauty presented by the Rout—a most difficult problem most brilliantly



Sylphides (Peggy Van Praagh and Julia Farron) with the Lady's Brother (John Hart), in the adaptation of Milton's "Comus" by the Sadler's Wells Ballet

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



The Lady (Margot Fonteyn) is prevented by the Attendant Spirit (Margaret Dale) from drinking the evil potion offered by Comus (Robert Helpmann)



THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER  
No. 2118, JANUARY 28, 1942

## The Sea Wolf

An Adaptation of  
Jack London's Story  
of a Wandering  
Ghost Ship

*Leach, the cabin-boy, protests at Larsen's injustice in depriving him of his job. The captain has one answer. He springs at him, burying his fist in the boy's stomach*

Edward G. Robinson, Ida Lupino and John Garfield are directed by Michael Curtiz in this story of a mystery ship, a half-mad captain and a fear-crazed crew, at the Warner Theatre. Humphrey Van Weyden (Alexander Knox), a writer, and Ruth Brewster (Ida Lupino), a fugitive from justice, both survivors of a wrecked ferry, are picked up by The Ghost. The captain, Wolf Larsen (Edward G. Robinson), is a brutal, heartless monster, whose chief delight is in tormenting cabin-boy Leach (John Garfield), who is dodging the police. The crew mutinies, and an attempt is made to kill Larsen. Humphrey, Leach and Ruth put to sea in a small, open boat. They drift for days, and when at last a ship is sighted, it proves to be The Ghost, which is apparently deserted and sinking. Leach climbs aboard. He is locked in the galley by maddened, half-blind Larsen. Humphrey, at the cost of his own life, saves Leach, and the boy and girl sail away towards some hoped-for island of refuge

*Larsen, maddened by the loss of his ship and the human dregs that were its crew, has a fit and goes half-blind. He hears the approaching steps of Humphrey, who has boarded the ship in search of Leach, and gets ready to shoot*



*Ruth is taken ill. An operation is essential. Louie (Gene Lockhart), the drunken ship's doctor, saves her. His confidence in himself restored, Louie demands to be called once more Dr. Prescott. The crew ridicule him. The old doctor climbs the rigging, shouting curses. He falls to the deck, dead*



*Humphrey demands the key of the galley. The Ghost is sinking fast. Larsen drives Humphrey into the cabin at the point of the gun. He shoots, but in his blindness cannot see that Humphrey is mortally wounded. Humphrey gets the key that will free Leach, and passes it under the door to Ruth*

*The dying Humphrey, who pretends to be unharmed, promises to stay with Larsen till his eyes are clear again. Meanwhile the water is rising. Humphrey and the captain go down with the ship*



# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

## Royal Family Portrait

Not until after the war will any of us have a chance of seeing the painting of the Royal Family which Mr. Gerald Kelly has had in hand for some time now, which is a pity, for it promises to be one of the most interesting of royal portrait groups.

The King and Queen with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret form the subject of the picture, and this is, I believe, the first time that their Majesties and their two daughters have been portrayed together in a family group.

Mr. Kelly has done a number of portrait sketches of the Princesses in preparation for the final painting, and these, I should think, will be of considerable historic interest. Princess Elizabeth, whose own sketches and water-colours show a certain promise, is a most helpful sitter, taking great delight in watching all that the artist does. Her sister, on the other hand, is apt to get rather tired of the whole affair after the first ten minutes.

This is, of course, not the first time that Mr. Gerald Kelly has been honoured by his Majesty's choice. He did the State portraits of the King and Queen at Coronation time, copies of which were sent by his Majesty to all our Embassies and Legations abroad and to the Dominion capitals.

Grandson of the man who put directories "on the map," Gerald Kelly has a quick Irish wit. He is the only R.A. who is also an O.E.

## Court Mourning

Court mourning for Field-Marshal the Duke of Connaught made but little difference in these dark war days, when there are no social functions to be cancelled and no royal parties to be abandoned, and H.R.H.'s failing eyesight—he was almost blind towards the end—had kept him unwillingly so completely out of public life for the last three years that his absence attracts less notice. But in hundreds of places his loss will be keenly felt—in the Rifle Brigade, of which he was Colonel-in-Chief, the Grenadier Guards, of which he was Colonel, and eighteen other regiments in the British, Canadian and South African Armies, of which he was Colonel-in-Chief; among the Freemasons, whose Grand Master he was; and at Trinity House by Mr. Churchill and the other Elder Brethren, of whom he was Master.

Three things remained of absorbing interest to him up to within a day or two of his death—

the progress of the war, news of his own regiments, and the activities of the Canadians, whom he came to know so well during his five years as Governor-General before and during the last war. His daughter, Lady "Pat" Ramsay, used to sit for hours reading the news to him, in the big rooms at Bagshot Park, which he kept furnished in the style of his youth, and the aged Duke would comment shrewdly on events, drawing examples and comparisons from his own great experience.

His grandson, twenty-seven-year-old good-looking Lord Macduff, about whose future title there seems to be some uncertainty, is serving with his regiment in the Near East, and did not hear from his family for several days after the death.

Princess Beatrice, now the only surviving child of Queen Victoria, is living very quietly in Sussex.

## Royal Soldier

THERE is talk of the Princess Royal's elder boy, young Lord Lascelles, going into one of the Services shortly. His nineteenth birthday falls early in February. Lord Harewood, his father, was a very keen soldier in the last war, and although Lord Lascelles has many tastes and interests which are artistic rather than warlike, he is as eager as every other boy of his age to have his share in the Allies' efforts.

He has not been idle since he left Eton. He takes his share in the village A.R.P. scheme, does a hundred-and-one kindly turns for the convalescent patients in his mother's hospital, and all that he can to help any agricultural effort. And, in addition, he holds down a full-time job in the Harewood estate office, doing his work there faithfully and well.

His great passion is for music. He plays the piano himself—following his mother's example—but secures, immediately they are available, gramophone records of all the great masters' works. He has a very fine library of these, and keeps his own radiogram in his bedroom so that he can put on a record at will.

## Devoted Father

THE Duke of Gloucester is impatient for his small son to reach the stage at which he can play with him. He loves children and nursery romps, and is the most popular of uncles with his royal nieces and nephews and those of his wife's family.

## Diners-Out in a London Restaurant

Mrs. Theodore Wessell was sitting by Lord Bridport one night at the Meurice. She is the mother of Lord Churston, and of Lady Cadogan, who was also in the party. Lord Bridport, who is a Lieutenant in the Navy, which he rejoined at the outbreak of war, was in London for a few days' leave

At the same table at the Meurice were the Countess of Cadogan and James Hay, deep in conversation. She is Lord Churston's youngest sister, and married Lord Cadogan in 1936. Her husband is serving in the Middle East. James Hay is the son of Mrs. Robert Ducas by her first marriage, and is a great-grandson of Lord Southwell



## A Recent Wedding

Lieutenant Charles Stainforth, Indian Army, and Miss Elizabeth Easdale were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on January 17th. Lieut. Stainforth is the younger son of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. G. Stainforth, C.M.G., and of Lady Knight, of Pamber Place, Basingstoke, and his bride is the only daughter of Mrs. E. Y. Easdale, of 5, Addisland Court, Addison Road, W.

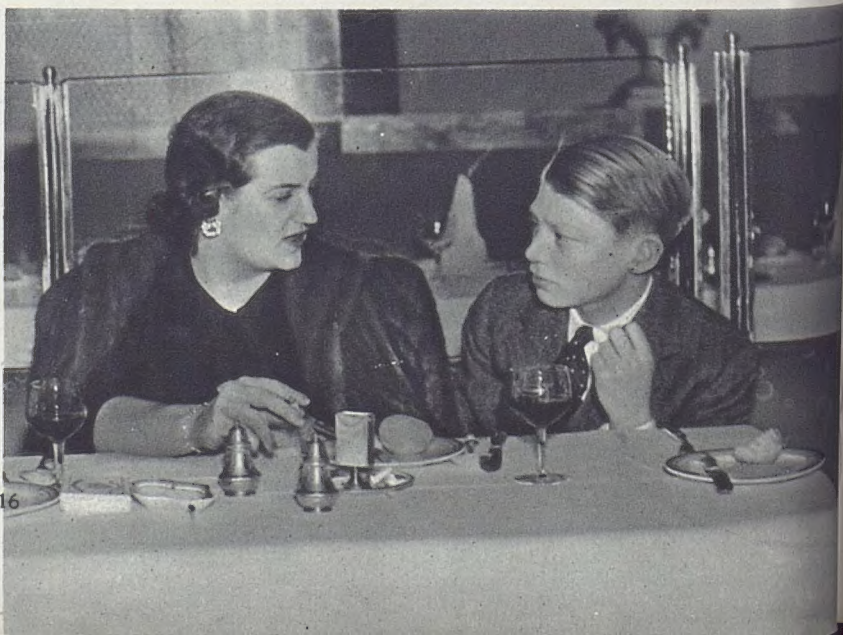
When Lady Angela Dawnay, the Duchess of Gloucester's youngest sister, came home from New Zealand with her little boy, the Duke insisted that they should stay at York House, and he was one of the most constant visitors to the nursery. Indeed, when he was wanted and could not be found in his own rooms he was invariably discovered with his little nephew, playing bears, or something equally strenuous.

The nurseries at Barnwell Manor, where this newest addition to the Royal Family will spend most of his time for the present, are arranged with great simplicity and are charming.

## Welcome Home

I saw only four women on the platform at Paddington in the crowd of distinguished folk who welcomed Mr. Winston Churchill home after his transatlantic flight—and none was a

(Continued on page 118)





*Her Majesty the Queen took a keen interest in the production. She spent all the time she could with her daughters, reading through the script, giving them the necessary cues so that they could rehearse their parts*

## Princesses in Pantomime

### The King's Daughters Present "Cinderella"

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret have produced the first royal pantomime on record, in aid of the Royal Household wool fund. They chose "Cinderella," with Princess Margaret in the name part and her elder sister a very dashing Prince Charming in elegant tights. The part of Buttons was excellently played by the brother of one of the Queen's maids. The rest of the cast were child friends of the Princesses and about fifteen village children, among them some little evacuees from London. They were all coached in their parts by the village schoolmaster. The King and Queen were in front-row seats, sitting amongst an audience which included over 200 troops from neighbouring camps. Princess Margaret is a clever and competent little actress. She sang several popular songs and, with charming spontaneity, invited her audience to join her in the chorus. Her duets with her sister were the big hits of the show.



*Prince Charming, disguised as the Strolling Minstrel, asks Cinderella to dance with him. Princess Margaret is wearing a Bavarian peasant costume*

*Photographs by Studio Lisa*

*The Grand Finale. The two Princesses take a curtain call with all the other children who supported them so splendidly. Every child there was personally congratulated by the King on his or her performance*





### Christening of the Marchioness of Aberdeen's Grandson

Young Guy Innes was christened recently at St. Thomas's, Aboyne. He is the second son of Mrs. Berowold Innes, wife of the eldest son of the Marchioness of Aberdeen by her first marriage to Captain Guy Innes, R.N. In the photograph (l. to r.) are, front row: Peter Innes and a friend. Second row: Mrs. Berowold Innes, Guy in the arms of his nurse, Catherine Innes and the Marchioness of Aberdeen. Behind, the Marquis of Aberdeen stands with the Rev. George Martineau and the Bishop of Aberdeen



Bertram Park

### Wife of the New Air Chief-Marshal

Lady Courtney is the wife of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. She is the daughter of Mr. G. Edward Greensill. Sir Christopher is the Air Member for Supply and Organisation on the Air Council. Formerly he commanded the British Air Forces in Iraq. The Courtneys live at Betchworth, in Surrey

## Social Round-about

(Continued)

politician. Mrs. Churchill was there, of course, compelling and elegant in her favourite grey Indian lamb coat. She had hurried to the station from the England-Scotland match at Wembley, and when the Premier's train pulled in, she jumped up on the carriage steps to greet her husband with an affectionate kiss.

Mrs. Duncan Sandys, the Prime Minister's daughter, and Mrs. Randolph Churchill, his daughter-in-law, both wrapped in furs, had each a warm greeting from the returned traveller of history, while a little distance away their friend, Miss Harriman, daughter of President Roosevelt's representative over here, Mr. Averil Harriman, watched the scene.

### Club

THE Herons Brook Club at Sunninghill has a limited membership, and is one of the gayest places out of London. Mrs. Tolhurst runs it, and Saturday nights are particularly good there.

Interesting people seen there lately include Lord Portarlington, Lord Dundonald, Lord Buchan, Lord and Lady Erleigh—she was Miss Margot Duke until their marriage last summer—Lady Jellicoe, Penelope Dudley-Ward (Mrs. Pelissier), Mrs. Mark Pilkington, Captain and Lady Mairi Keppel—she is Lord and Lady

Londonderry's youngest daughter—Sir David Moncrieff, Miss Diana Barnato, Lady Priscilla Aird, who was Lady Priscilla Willoughby, and a keen polo player before she married Major Sir John Aird, Mrs. Berkeley-Owen, Lady Margaret Alexander, Lady Brabourne, Colonel Horlick, Lord and Lady Lisburn, Captain Sir John and Lady Child, Captain Robin Whigham, a cousin of Mrs. Charles Sweeny; Mrs. John Weaver, Captain and Mrs. D. Fitzgerald, Captain Fitzalan-Howard, Mrs. Vivien Cornelius, and Major "Naps" Brinckman.

### People

LORD MOORE was out having tea with blonde Mrs. Clyde, who was a Wellesley. He is Kathleen, Lady Drogheda's son, and a brother of Lady Patricia Latham. Mr. Sydney Beer, much publicised as a proud father, was dining out in Soho, and in the same restaurant were Colonel and Mrs. Brand, over from Ireland for a few days. She was Mrs. Frank Ayrey, and originally Miss Beryl Appleford, a Somerset beauty.

Among other people in and around London lately were Zena Dare's daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, formerly Miss Angela Brett; Lady Jane Nelson, and Miss Mala Brand, who used to be so much at Le Touquet and Eden Roc.

### Sunday Club

WHY dancing at teatime should crop up with wars is a mystery, but it happened last

time, and here it is again, with the Officers' Sunday Club leading the way both times. Over a thousand people turn up at Grosvenor House every week to dance, have tea, and enjoy a cabaret, the whole thing organised by the Dowager Lady Townshend, who has not missed a single Sunday until last week, when she had 'flu. It was to have been an Austrian day, but the visit of the Archduke Robert and the singing of Lea Seidl were put off a week.

Instead, Mme. Michaelovna sang beautifully in several languages; and Lady Polson made a speech on behalf of Lady Townshend. Hostesses, distinguished by a metal "H" with red, white and blue ribbons attached to it, preside over tables to which unpartnered officers are led. Lady Effingham, Lady Hammond Graeme, Lady George Cholmondeley, Mrs. Thursby-Pelham, Mrs. Davenport-Handley, and Lady Gould Adams all had tables, and Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Arthur Snagge were interesting guests. She had little red birds about to fly out of her black hat.

### French Intellectuals in London

"LA FRANCE LIBRE" describes itself as "a monthly review published by French intellectuals in London," and it continues as vigorously as it started, keeping in touch with events in France, theorising busily about the future, and keeping a sharp eye on the world in general. M. André Labarthe is editor, and

(Concluded on page 140)

Major Sentance Tapp, M.C., a "Gold K" and vice-president and president of the Club in '28 and '29 respectively, with his wife

Mrs. Dixon, well wrapped up for the wintry weather, enjoyed a cigarette in a quiet corner of the crowded room with 2nd Subaltern L. M. Neve, A.T.S., and Mr. J. A. Dixon

A large party included Captain du Boulay, Miss Anne Hamilton Grace, Mrs. du Boulay, and Lieuts. D. C. Marshall and H. Henderson, both now in the R.N.V.R. Anne Hamilton Grace is a life member of the Club





The Earl of Lytton, K.G., President of the Club, who has been an honorary member since 1927, was lunching with Sq.-Leader Jackaman and Mrs. Cherry Jackaman. He came down to London from his Hertfordshire home for the function, and his many friends were delighted to see that he has recovered his good health



Lieut.-Col. Sir Maxwell Hicks, C.B.E., is a member of the Club's wartime Emergency Committee, who are empowered to carry out such functions as may be necessary while the normal activities of the Club are suspended



Mr. A. J. C. Humphreys, Hon. Treasurer of the Club, is its War Emergency Committee's chairman. He is talking to Lady Blane, a member since 1933, who, like so many others, came in uniform

## The Kandahar Ski Club Reunion at Claridge's

The Kandahar Ski Club was founded in January 1924. Many of its members are now in the Services, but a few were able to meet recently at a reunion stand-up lunch in London. Conversation ran almost entirely on unforgettable memories of Arlberg-Kandahar week-ends, of cloudless skies, breath-taking runs, and the beauty of the Schiltgrat snows. H.M.S. Kandahar, a recently commissioned destroyer, has been elected an honorary member of the Club, and Christmas hampers and woollen comforts and games have been sent off to the captain of the Kandahar by the committee



Air Commodore and Mrs. Chamier toasted the good days past with Miss Isobel Roe and Mrs. Thomkinson. Mrs. Chamier, the former Edwina Ratcliff Lordly of Canada, is a "Gold K." Miss Roe is the Kandahar Lady Champion for 1938 and '39



Mrs. Bunty Greenland, one of the most recently elected members present, drank coffee with Mr. L. J. Clements. Hot drinks were popular with all the guests

Miss Evelyn Pinching, a life member and "Gold K," also holds the aD and aS for downhill straight racing and slalom racing. She is with Mrs. Wilbraham and Major Morton Evans



Above: Mrs. Martin-Tomson was one of the lucky ones who found a seat. She is with Mr. Richard Michael Mason, who became a member in 1935

Left: Mrs. Humphreys proposed a toast to the future—the day of victory, celebrated on the snows. She is with Mr. Adrian Wallinson and Colonel H. P. Mitchell, M.P., another "Gold K," and vice-president of the Club in 1932

Mrs. Patsy Richardson wore an appropriate dress and hat reminiscent of days in the Tyrol. She was with Mr. J. A. Joannides



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**L**AUGHING, often, like Figaro, for fear we might start to cry—a cliché—we can't help feeling that longfaced chums who talk and write as if present misfortunes in the Far East were some new and startling experience in our history are making things needlessly worse.

To remember the best crack ever made on such a dismal topic helps, we find. It was the ruthless Whistler's. At a London dinner party during the Boer War a bore was dwelling admiringly on the fact that General Buller, or somebody, had just retreated across the Modder, or somewhere, without losing a man, a horse, or a gun. "Or a minute," said Whistler dreamily.

## Pal

**S**KEPS for bees, the dear old traditional Kaffir-hut-shaped straw skeps you see in nursery picture-books, are coming back, an authority says, since modern wooden hives can no longer be supplied.

Our industrious—and, in lime-blossom time, often ignobly plastered—little chums will enjoy the change, perhaps, having lived comfortably in straw skeps for centuries and possibly not liking their fusspot modern homes all that much; not to speak of the glass hives scientific apiarists like Hübner keep them in, spying on their privacy night

and day, an indelicate trick. And when skeps come back, bees will probably expect the Arcadian populace to revive the ancient duty of "telling" them. A very old, gnarled, cross, earthy Arcadian told us recently that in the Southern England of his youth, whenever anybody died, you had to trip down the garden forthwith and whisper the news to the bees, or they'd be furious and work mischiefs. Why they had to be told he didn't know. Maybe like Timon of Athens they wanted a laugh.

## Call

**T**HE snag about skeps is that the craftsmen who make them are practically extinct, like thatchers and flint-knappers and rushlight-makers and farmers' wives who can brew and bake. Little these rustic artists dreamed they'd ever be needed again, especially flint-knappers, who may be called on to solve the arrow-head-shortage problem for the War Office before long, who knows?

## Gipsy

**N**EVER having seen and heard the great Calvé, recently deceased, sing Carmen, which she created, we could only judge from the photographs that she was a Carmen on a buxom, goodnatured scale, whereas Prosper Mérimée's Andalusian gipsy is petite, slim, vivacious, and wicked as you might expect.



"There ain't no ruddy flies...  
There ain't no ruddy flies...  
There ain't no..."

We loved *Carmen* dearly till we grew up and began to listen to Spanish music, which no non-Spaniard can ever reproduce. (Compare the habanera in *Carmen* with the habanera in De Falla's *El Amor Brujo* and you'll agree, unless you are drunk and in bellicose mood.) Ravel got nearer to Spain than anybody, perhaps, in that delicious romp *L'Heure Espagnole*, and he did it, unless we err, without a single castanet; a remarkable feat. But once you've heard the malagueña sung in Spain by a Spaniard—an experience not so much of music as of fire, as Mr. Belloc has accurately noted—all imitations seem lifeless.

## Footnote

**A**s to the prevalence of massive operatic Carmens, nothing can be done about it, we gather. Only outsize girls can sing opera, as Verdi discovered on the first night of *Traviata*, when the consumptive Violetta nearly broke the bed, causing great fun and laughter, and made the evening a complete flop. Wagner was right, therefore, to specialise in German mythology, or the Big Girl's Half-Holiday, known also in hockey circles as the *rêve de Roedean*.

## Flop

**A**LTHOUGH Balaclava was in the fighting-line again the other day, after eighty years, the Fleet Street boys tactfully laid off Tennyson's ringing tribute to brasshat stupidity and gave us no Light Brigade stuff. Tennyson should have lived a bit longer and given a lyrical hurrah for Mametz Wood, where that unfortunate halftrained Welsh division was massacred in 1916, or Passchendaele.

Troops free of static trench warfare can hardly realise the loathly significance of the once-familiar formula "Brigade wants —" or the follies it often implied. (Cf. *Journey's End*, in which the enemy, advised as usual of a raid some days in advance by our guns, sardonically decorates his wire-gap with red

(Concluded on page 122)



"What's this—scorched earth?"

# High Commissioner in Australia

The Rt. Hon. Sir Ronald Cross, M.P.,  
With His Wife and Family



Sir Ronald Cross was taking a stroll with Lady Cross and his daughters when this photograph was taken in front of their Canberra home. Sir Ronald was appointed High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in Australia last year, and arrived there last July to take up his duties. He was formerly Minister of Economic Warfare, then Minister of Shipping, and was created a Baronet in the 1941 Birthday Honours



Sir Ronald and Lady Cross have three daughters. The youngest, with her father in the picture, is Susanna. Just before leaving this country, Sir Ronald, then Minister of Shipping, took part in the film "The Big Blockade," now running in London. On their way to Australia he and his family visited film studios at Los Angeles



Lady Cross and her daughters, Angela and Diana, find plenty to do in their beautiful Canberra garden. Lady Cross was Louise Emmott, elder daughter of the late Walter Emmott, of Colne Hall, in Lancashire, and she was married in 1925

Angela Cross plays table-tennis with her mother, while her younger sister, Diana, and her father look on. Before they left England, the High Commissioner and his wife dined with the Winston Churchills, who presented them with some books about Australia



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

ribbons, if we remember rightly.) The glossy-booted Staff ornament responsible for the Light Brigade blunder was a Napoleon compared with some of his pinhead successors, but this doesn't excuse Tennyson. All poetry boys should eschew military disasters, which only one of them, Victor Hugo, has been able to handle properly—for example, his lines on Waterloo, with that superb opening cry:

Waterloo! Waterloo! Waterlo! morne plaine!  
Change here for Woking, Basingst—

No, no, dammit, that's wrong somewhere. This comes of brooding over bygone bloomers of the brilliantined.

## Can

RECENT reports that our little tin native Führer and other British Fascist boys are having a cosy stay in Holloway set us musing envyingly on the many attractions

of doing time, chief of which (as any eminent Big Business man will tell you) is the exquisite freedom from responsibility it brings. No decisions or appointments to bother about; no trouble over mergers, new flotations, bills, women, trains, taxes, clothes, shaves, food, or what-have-you. Laugh! Well, there!

Testimonials from—among other big boys—Hitler, Galileo, and Leigh Hunt could be quoted here if we had the time; all three had a wonderful all-too-brief time in the sneezer, with every home-comfort (Leigh Hunt even had a pianoforte). The average modern financial genius goes straight to bed in hospital and then becomes librarian, though usually illiterate. All the quiet retirement of the cloister, one might say, without any of its rigours and obligations. No wonder those boys plunge back to the City like ramping lions.

## Regret

WE missed such a rest-cure by a hair's-breadth some years ago, when we had a few words with a very powerful

millionaire who was running England at the time. His hand shot out to within an inch of his private telephone to Scotland Yard. We'd have got five years at least for defying the rich, and maybe we shall never get the chance again.

## Wrench

WHILE Mistinguett, with Maurice Chevalier, is packing 'em in at the Casino de Paris and collaborating with the Boche like billy-ho, our own little actresses are heroically giving up their Press-cuttings for the wastepaper drive, according to well-informed sources.

Self-sacrifice on this scale needs no comment, as our old colleague and preceptor, James ("Boss") Agate, whose lightest critical word has caused so many little actresses to swoon in ecstasy or die in despair, would admit. And what is more, the kindly old despot would probably shed tears. A humanitarian through and through, the Boss has never been known to strike these tiny, warm, fluffy, tremulous, adoring creatures with his riding-crop as they fawn round him at parties; he merely shoves them aside with one foot, quite gently. "Uncle" Sarcey, most famous of Parisian critics, used to terrify them into nervous prostration by imitating a lion. George Jean Nathan is said absently to pick out the most toothsome ones and eat them, talking meanwhile in a rasping voice of something else. *Autres critiques, autres mœurs.*

Tears would flow from the Boss, we predict confidently; tears for the agony of the small, tender, weak, and unprotected, not for the loss of his own superfine prose by pulping. The Boss has a duplicate of that for next year's volume as usual, our spies report.

## Blonde

ONCE more we must beg dear Fanny Burney (whose Diary is so delightful) to rap a gossip-boy gently on the noggin with her fan for going into hysterics again about the Wonderful Modern Girl, *stupor mundi*. This time it's some socialite blonde or other who speaks French like a native, apparently. The boy didn't say a native of what.

In the 1770's Fanny Burney knew a Sophy Streatfield of dazzling beauty who could not only speak Classical Greek but could cry real tears any time anybody asked her to, a pleasing social accomplishment. And, says Fanny, when Miss Streatfield cried

"... she looked, indeed, extremely handsome, for her pretty face was not, like Chloe's, blubbered; it was smooth and elegant, and neither her features nor complexion were at all ruffled; nay, indeed, she was smiling all the time."

How many modern blondes can cry like that and speak Greek, or hang by their toes, or grin through a hoop, or kick off gentlemen's hats, or do handsprings, or play the Jew's harp, or move their ears, or crack nuts with their toes, or perform any other trick leading to a successful Mayfair marriage? On the other hand, may blondes not be right to be completely dumb? With all her beauty and accomplishments La Streatfield, after flirting with Thrall and being engaged to a clergyman, died an old maid. Maybe it was a judgment (said Uncle Cheeriboy laughingly, flicking a little snuff off his surtout) on that baby.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

## Old Bill: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"What are yer squawkin' about? Wait till yer get a monsoon!"



*Merle Answers All Personal Letters Herself*

## A British Film Star Settles Down in California

On June 3rd, 1939, Merle Oberon became Mrs. Alexander Korda. She married the man who first recognised her potential talents and gave her a screen test at Wembley Studios. Merle was born in Hobart, Tasmania, the daughter of a British army officer and a French-Dutch mother. Her first pay-check was for extra work in *Alf's Button*. Minor roles in numerous British productions followed until finally she got her chance when given the part of Anne Boleyn in Korda's production *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. Her latest pictures are the Ernst Lubitsch comedy, *That Uncertain Feeling*, in which she co-starred with Melvyn Douglas, and Korda's *Lydia*, recently at the Odeon. The home which Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Korda have taken in California is known as "Bel-Air"



*Merle and her producer husband, Alexander Korda, dine out. The magnificent necklace Merle is wearing was her husband's Christmas present a year ago*



*The beautiful L-shaped lounge of "Bel-Air" leads out on three sides to the lawns and gardens. Beyond the gardens lies the sea*



# Parcels for Prisoners

People Who Pack Them at  
the London Red Cross Centre



Mrs. J. L. Bowen is the Quartermaster-Sergeant at the London packing centre, and is in charge of the stores. Each parcel is designed to supply what is lacking in prison-camp rations, and soap is also included. Unfilled spaces are filled with pocket handkerchiefs



To provide every British and Dominion prisoner of war and interned civilian with one parcel of food and tobacco each week is the aim of the Red Cross and St. John Prisoners of War packing centres, of which there are now fifteen in England and Scotland. Over 3,900,000 packets have been despatched since war started. Above is Lady Moyra Forester, Lord Ossory's daughter, whose husband is a prisoner, at the London centre, where she is in charge of the postal department



Miss Rosina Sandburg assembles the cardboard cases in which the provisions are sent. Voluntary helpers are doing grand work at packing centres in London and elsewhere



Lady Rosslyn and Mrs. Clifford Figg are two more helpers who pack and despatch the parcels. Lady Rosslyn is the widow of the late Earl of Rosslyn



Lady Rennie, widow of the late Sir Ernest Rennie, is another London helper, and is seen tying up the parcels





Lady Burghley and Lady Stewart are in charge of the packers and helpers. They select the provisions for the parcels, contents of which vary each week. Lady Burghley is a sister of the Duchess of Gloucester, and married the Marquess of Water's elder son in 1929

Left: Mrs. Phillips is a packer at the London centre. She was recently torpedoed while travelling to join her husband abroad, and is now waiting for another ship to take her

Right: Mrs. Christie and Mrs. Crerar fill the trolley with stores from the shelves. Parcels go to their destinations in Italy and Germany via Lisbon, Marseilles and Geneva, in charge of International Red Cross representatives



The Hon. Mrs. Crossley checks and stamps the parcels, which are collected daily by the G.P.O. for despatch to the ports of shipment



Mrs. Hiske weighs the tins before packing. No parcel may exceed 11 lb. in weight, and the cost to the Red Cross, including cigarettes, is 10s.



Mrs. Spencer Holland, wife of General Spencer Holland, checks the stores as they come in and go out



Mrs. Power stacks bars of chocolate in the store cupboard. Biscuits, cheese, tinned meat, fish and fruit are some of the many items sent out by the Red Cross

Below: Mrs. J. A. Anderson, Lady Renwick and Mrs. Stafford fill up the corners with shavings to ensure safe arrival of the goods





Carole Lynne is a lovely and decorative Alice. The looking-glass is behind her. She breaks through and finds herself in Panto-land. Carole was missed very much during her recent absence from the cast with flu, and was given a great welcome on her return.



### Alice in Panto-land Introduces a Seasonable Touch of Burlesque

In Panto-land Alice finds a mixed bag of all the imaginative figures of sophisticated childhood. The fearsome-looking giant is a friendly creature really, only dangerous when a girl refuses to do the rumba with him. Jack, with his sword, saves Alice from this, and the atmosphere of gaiety is restored by the arrival of the troubadour to sing his latest smash hit. Principals in this scene are Guy Verney as Jack, Walter Crisham as the troubadour, and Carole Lynne as Alice.

"Bird Thou Never Wert," sings Hermione Gingold as a barmaid evacuee ghost. Apparently even ghosts must evacuate their bombed homes. Leaving the congenial atmosphere of her London pub, the barmaid ghost finds herself in the home of the de Veres, a moated grange, where snob ghosts inflict all sorts of indignities on the barmaid from London. A particularly well-mannered barmaid, too. "I don't moan. I just hang from a rope."

## Second Edition

Of the Happiest, Snappiest Revue in Town:  
"Rise Above It," at the Comedy



Musical-comedy memories of days long past are revived by Hermione Baddeley and Henry Kendall. In "Galloping Gaily," with its background of glorious Ascot, they imitate delightfully the frills and foibles of musical comedy in the days of "Floradora."





**"Concert Parties are the Major Horror of Modern Warfare," says the Compère**

Wilfred Hyde-White is an excellent compère. His rapid promotion from batman to the final glory of an important job at the Ministry is due entirely "to the kindness of her Ladyship," he explains. Here, as sergeant, he introduces the Queeries, to make a return visit with a complete change of programme

The Queeries' programme includes a stirring number sung by Hermione Gingold, "On Monday I Walk Out with a Soldier." Tuesday's tar, Wednesday's boy scout, Thursday's hussar and Friday's scottie are represented by Guy Verney, Walter Crisham, Henry Kendall and Leonard Brent. Author-composer Leslie Julian Jones says he based this burlesque of a seaside concert-party on experiences of his own with a concert-party in Devon before the war

"Front Door Steps" is one of the other Hermione's most brilliant contributions to a tip-top show. The London char returns to her home after a night in the shelter. Her home has gone, her dog is dead. All that remains of the precious bits she and her old man have got together over the years lies on the pavement beside the front door steps, which miraculously have escaped damage. It is that which brings comfort to her respectable old heart. "It takes more than Hitler to make a mess of my steps," she sobs defiantly

Photographs by  
Swarbrick Studios



Henry Kendall, as Mama, tells a bedtime story. Her son has brought home his bride to the ancestral home. Mama tells them the history of the famous family four-poster. "Shelley and Keats have slept between these sheets." Georgina Cookson and Guy Verney are the bride and bridegroom



The ballet "Early One Morning" is based, in modernised swing fashion, on an early traditional theme. The choreography is by Walter Crisham, who dances brilliantly, and the decor and costumes were designed by Berkeley Sutcliffe. Natasha Sokolova, Betty Karina and Prudence Hyman are Crisham's partners



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Anti-Heroic

LONDON "blitz" books continue to come from the publishers: there are now so many, one hardly knows where to turn. For months, since what one should guardedly call the first, or the 1940, phase of the home-front "blitz," such records have been appearing. Many civilians—some professional writers, some not—have felt an imperative need to get on to paper their experiences as one kind of combatant.

One cannot fairly say that these "blitz" books are too many: each bears the mark of a profound experience and has the ring of implicit courage. And, to come to regard the "blitz" as a "stale" subject would be not only unworthy on our part, but extremely rash: all this may begin again—there is much we may learn meanwhile.

All the same, one must sift through this "blitz" literature to see how much is literature, how much no more than journalism. The books I should class as journalism (though of an excellent kind) give the impression of having come hot from the press while some of the ruins of London were still hot; through word-pictures, they supply information for which there was an immediate immense demand. They describe "blitz" experience as a special experience, not possible, through its fantastic nature, to relate to the rest of life. Such special, fantastic experience must, of course, take some time to digest, and many writers of "blitz"-books did not attempt to digest it; they wrote at the height of their feeling; they did not give themselves time.

The writer of the "blitz"-book that is to have permanent value should, I think, have had the time and the faculty to digest his experience—also, to compare and to balance it with other happenings in his own life.

What the future England will want to know is how the ordinary man lived through extraordinary times. At present, it is necessary to sustain ourselves by taking the ultra-heroic view. We must point out, first of all, how wonderful everyone was. This may be carried—I must say, at risk of offending readers—to the point of misleading sentimentality. While we think we depict the ordinariness of the ordinary man, we very often paint him in roseate hues.

To those accustomed to "blitz"-books in emotional language;

Mr. Maurice Richardson's *London's Burning* (Robert Hale; 5s.) may ring cold. For instance, Mr. Richardson opens, with perfect candour, by saying: "I joined the A.F.S. to dodge the Army. I have always had a peculiar horror of the Army, due to cowardice, hatred of discipline, phobia of scratchy uniform dating from school O.T.C. days." And the whole of his book is a record of what one might call involuntary courage, marked throughout by an anti-heroic tone.

## Life in the A.F.S.

LONDON'S BURNING" is an account of the writer's experiences in the A.F.S., from the middle of the summer of 1940 to the October of that year, when, in the course of a hellish night, he was knocked out and disabled from further service. It shows just how short a time it takes (under "blitz" conditions) to make a young fireman (or fireman young in experience) into an old soldier—disabused, canny, up to all tricks, taking no chances, saving of courage and energy.

If the A.F.S. recruit got a kick from his first "blitz" fire, that was the only kick he



Dorothy Wilding

Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale.

Mrs. McCorquodale, who is perhaps better known as Barbara Cartland, the novelist, has just finished the biography of her brother, Major Ronald Cartland, M.P. for King's Norton, Birmingham. The Prime Minister has written a preface and political chapters have been corrected by the Secretary of State for India, Mr. Leo. Amery. It is to be published by Collins next month.

got. Roughly speaking, these fighters hated the job—but did it. In them survived, underneath their acquired toughness, the strength and the weakness of their civilian make-up—love of habit, of comfort (even the sparsest comforts), of safety itself. The account of the training—with an instructor who was, one must hope, a bully of a rare type—is followed by an account of life in the unit: a London A.F.S. sub-station.

Recruited from many classes and types of worker, Mr. Richardson's fellow A.F.S. men still bore the stamp, and spoke in the idiom, of the different ways of life from which they came. The idiosyncrasies of each fireman, whether on furious duty or in off-times, were heightened by "blitz" conditions. There was little that they did not know about each other—and, on the whole, wonderfully little they did not like. Kindness and ruthlessness mingled in the congested station—in which there were not enough bunks to go round, so that, blind with next-morning fatigue, one had to wait for one's turn.

Mr. Richardson is not a writer for nothing. His accounts of fires are terrible and superb. Also, he can describe—and this needs disciplined language—nervous and physical tiredness at the nth degree. And, again,

(Concluded on page 130)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

RE-READING the Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu I came across the following passage: "A love may be revived which absence, inconstancy or even infidelity has extinguished, but there is no returning from a *dégoût* given by satiety." And how psychologically true that is. Also how extremely difficult to do anything about it. Especially if two people happen to be married or otherwise live together.

No woman can cosily say to her husband, "Dearest, I still love you, of course, but, for the moment, you are unfortunately on my nerves!" Nor any husband murmur aloud in his wife's hearing, "Oh, to come home occasionally to an empty house! Oh, to be able, without giving offence, to put my feet on the mantelpiece, lie back and snore! Oh, never to have to listen to the idle gossip of the day, beaten brightly to so fine a thread that my eyes instinctively wander towards the clock!"

Many a wife has felt the kiss of passion degenerating into a mere peck. Many a husband has often wondered to himself why his dear wife's "silken, sun-lit tresses," at which once he used to gaze in ecstasy, have now become for him mere hair! Both are suffering from a *dégoût* of satiety, each blames the other and neither knows the remedy. They just continue to stew.

For the truth is that enduring love is far more a question of intelligence than the simple preservation of body. When

I listen to a lover's rhapsodies—his upright, manly bearing, her melting blue eyes, his infectiously jolly laugh, her enchanting feet and ankles (when outsiders merely see a couple of quite pleasant, very ordinary people), I always feel inclined to smile or weep. I've been just as silly myself. Only now I know the snag—or do I? Probably not!

Dame Nature is an apt hand at leading two people to the bottom of the garden and leaving them there. I don't believe she has ever read the Marriage Service; she knows next to nothing of English Law.

The man—more possibly a woman?—who declared that "Marriages are made in Heaven" was almost certainly himself unmarried. That, perhaps, is why friendship outlasts love by a generation. It has a more solid foundation upon which to build.

Sex, in the long run, amounts to just nothing at all. Unless beyond Sex there are shared enthusiasms—real enthusiasms, I mean, not merely fun and games—satiety waits, fretfully resentful, the bore whose boring qualities actually hurt, just around the corner.

A mutual passion for music, for art, for literature, for labours eagerly shared, the same sense of humour, even stamp-collecting—these things can bind two people together far more enduringly than the same bed. Dame Nature will, of course, deny it roundly. Don't believe her! She's merely a nymph!

# Happy Families



**Mrs. J. F. H. Weaver  
with Her Sons**

Mrs. Weaver, formerly Mrs. Howard-Stepney, is the wife of Captain J. F. H. Weaver, King's Dragoon Guards, whom she married in July 1940, and who is now serving overseas. She was Ursula Horlick, younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. James Nockells Horlick, and is a cousin of Sir Peter Horlick, Bt. Her elder sister is Mrs. Kenneth Wragg. Mrs. Weaver has two sons, Nicholas Howard-Stepney and Martin John Weaver—and a dog called McGregor McWhirter. She has taken a house for her family at Chobham in Surrey. Before her second son was born she was working as a V.A.D.

Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



**Countess Czernin and Caroline**

Countess Czernin was Maud Sarah Hamilton, daughter of Mr. R. J. Hamilton, who is a cousin of the Duke of Abercorn. She married in 1939 Squadron-Leader Count Manfred Czernin, son of Count Otto Czernin of Austria, and of the Hon. Mrs. Oliver Frost, who is Lord Grimthorpe's only sister. Count Czernin, who became a British subject in 1922, won the D.F.C. in the Battle of Britain. The Czernins' little daughter, Caroline, was born in 1941, and her mother is a qualified V.A.D.



Left:

**Mrs. Denis Griffiths,  
Davinia, and Sokol**

The wife of Mr. Denis Griffiths was Eiréne Leonard before her marriage in 1939, and her home was Brandeston Hall in Suffolk. Her husband, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Griffiths, joined the Horse Guards as a trooper, and is now working for the military section of the Ministry of Information. Mrs. Griffiths and her daughter, Davinia Elizabeth, live at the Old Rectory, Brockhall, Northants, and Sokol, their Czechoslovakian pointer, looks after them

## With Silent Friends

(Continued)

the ecstasy, blurred by exhaustion, of forty-eight-hour leaves—the sleep between sheets, the eating of food you like, the gimcrack amenities of a Maida Vale hotel—a hotel itself not immune from "blitz": he gives us one excellent chapter here. . . .

Every page of this book shows the benefit of reflection, digestion and time. The cold exactness of the language makes the heat of the subject the more felt. I may say that no passages are "horrific."

I have already recommended, in these pages, two war-books that rank (to me) as war literature—*Fighter Pilot* and *2 Survived*. To these I would add *London's Burning*—a book for now and the future, whose value is sure to be more than topical.

### Ghost Story

MR. OSBERT SITWELL'S *A Place of One's Own* (Macmillan; 2s. 6d.) comes as a pendant to his *Open the Door*—much of which showed already a supernatural tinge. My own love of a good ghost story is only tempered by fear of the fear that it may involve me in: I am a childish coward about the dark.

This long-short story of Mr. Sitwell's has a most insidious way of gliding under one's nerves; its opening is sunlit and even cosy—here are no macabre manors approached at midnight, no night-fires, bloodstains or clanking chains. But—one has gooseflesh all over before one knows where one is.

Seaside Newborough—the Newborough familiar to us since *Before the Bombardment*, with its esplanade, its bath-chairs, its bandstands, its Cricket Week, its august or goofy malades imaginaires and correct ex-military residents playing bridge—provides the setting. In the best residential area, The Dale, stands the large, late-Victorian house where so much goes on.

The deliberate conventionality of the setting adds point to the horror. Mr. Sitwell, as always, puts contrast to brilliant uses. His genius for tragi-comedy comes into play here. His dear Mr. and Mrs. Smedhurst invoke our pity, and—by their stalwart behaviour when finally brought to bay by the supernatural—our admiration.

This elderly couple, who have done well in business, realise a life-long dream when they retire to Newborough from an industrial town. Anxious at once to enjoy themselves and to make the grade, they allow an agent to stick them with Bellingham House—which, though handsomely decorated and complete with speaking-tubes, has been empty for a suspicious number of years.

The house's sinister history has been made known to the reader: the Smedhursts know nothing of it. Too soon, they realise what they are up against—"manifestations" of which they are loth to speak. Alone with one maid, they conceal their fears from each other. Heart-set on making nice new friends, they feel the ghost in their house to be a distinct slur. You can imagine the openings for comedy!

Tragedy is, I feel, also present; not only in the disappointment of the poor Smedhursts, who had hoped for a tranquil life in this "place of their own," but in the

sufferings of the ghost herself—an affectionate creature, horribly victimised.

You may guess that the speaking-tubes, under these conditions, come into play with devastating effect. In fact, I defy any reader of *A Place of One's Own* to sit at his ease for long in a room with a speaking-tube. That whistle—!

Apart from everything else, this is a masterpiece of Mr. Sitwell's prose. Ghost stories are far from easy writing; the crude kind would not cut very much ice these days. The point is less *what* is told us than *how* it is told.

### Vital Facts

IN his title, *How Strong is America?*, Mr. Noel Barber poses an increasingly vital question, to which he is well equipped to reply. His book, published by Harrap at 6s., emphatically ought not to be overlooked. It is compact, lucid and full of meat. The statistics he gives us are presented in the clearest possible form, and are, moreover, helped out by diagrams. The most woolly-minded reader—in fact, myself, for I am easily muddled by books of sheer information—cannot fail to grasp the things Mr. Barber says, or fail to see the points he is driving at.

Mr. Barber—ought I or ought I not to explain?—is the editor of the overseas edition of the *Daily Mail*. As a journalist high up in his profession, he is trained both to grip and express facts.

His *How Strong is America?* falls into two parts. The first (as he says) "deals with production split into various categories, with figures (and sometimes estimates) of the amount of America's production which is being turned over to the British Empire. The second deals with America's fighting forces as they stand to-day and the strength

they are likely to reach within the next six months."

The book was finished on November 15th, 1941—just a month later, America entered the war. But, I think, palpably Mr. Barber felt America to be on war's brink as he wrote. Few of his statements are put out of date by the historic change between last November and now, and some of his prophecies have been verified. His chapter on "Undeclared War" remains interesting.

This book should, above all, address itself to the English person of goodwill but average ignorance. It becomes essential that we and America should now form some idea of each other's resources, and of the trend of each other's minds.

*How Strong is America?* is, in its curt way, as interesting psychologically as it is statistically. For here we are given portraits as well as figures: the author has given his chapter on each department a sub-section entitled "Men Behind the Scenes." To many of us, America's big men are mythological figures: as name after name comes into the news (at our side of the Atlantic) we may have the grace to be ashamed of our ignorance, and to be shy of asking, at least in public: "Just who is *he*? Where did he come from? What does he look like? What was he doing before now?"

As someone said to me wistfully the other day: "The world now seems divided into people who know so much that one cannot begin to ask them, and people who know even less than oneself." Mr. Barber not only knows but is very willing to tell one, and can see exactly where to begin. I feel grateful for his book, which I recommend. It is little trouble to read, and it greatly lessens one's troublesome ignorance. Mr. Barber, supporting all he says by statistics, could not be accused of being a wishful thinker. Which adds weight to the fact that *How Strong is America?* is a reassuring book, in the long run.

### A.R.A.

"THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF WALTER RICHARD SICKERT," by Robert Emmons (Faber and Faber; 25s.), is a promising volume. On the whole, its promise is not belied. The plates alone, being fine reproductions, would make the book a possession. And, on top of this, the whole thing is beautifully produced—it arouses, these days, a sort of greed in one, like a last dish of some fine, disappearing food.

Quite the right manner for the contemporary biographer is, admittedly, hard to find. Dr. Emmons—who has been a pupil of Sickert's, and possesses a number of Sickert pictures—shows, in his writing, an adulatory vagueness without much light and shade. However, the life-story is so interesting as practically to tell itself. Also, Dr. Emmons is wise enough to interpolate Sickert's own writing—which is extremely vivid—wherever possible. So a great personality, as well as a master-artist, does in the course of the book emerge.

Sickert's relations with his fellow-painters—beginning with the difficult Whistler—are fascinating. And places—Camden Town, Paris, Dieppe, Venice—play the part in his life that they have played in his art. One sees how the theatre engendered much of his painting. One catches a sigh for the vanishing music-halls.



Hay Wrightson  
Captain the Viscount Brentford and Viscountess Brentford

Lord and Lady Brentford are both serving in the present war, he as a captain in the Army, she as Vice-President of the East Yorkshire Red Cross. Lord Brentford succeeded his father, the former Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Secretary of State for Home Department, in 1932. He served in France and Belgium in World War I, with the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment. In 1920 he married Evelyn Mary Rothery, only daughter of the late John F. McNellan, of Dollar, Clackmannanshire

# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



**Gaye—Callard**

Captain John Chester Gaye, R.A., younger son of Sir Arthur Gaye, of Tanners, Wivelsfield Green, Sussex, married Joan Callard, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Callard, of Kinsale, Herne Bay, at Maker Parish Church, Cornwall



**Cazenove—Allix**

Major Philip de L. Cazenove, The Northamptonshire Yeomanry, son of the late Major and Mrs. Edward Cazenove, of Cottesbrooke Cottage, Northampton, married Aurea Ethelwyn Allix, youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Allix, and the late Hon. Mrs. Allix, of Swaffham Prior House, Cambridge, and Compton Lodge, Eastbourne, at St. Mary's Church, Swaffham Prior



**Duff Mitchell—Peach**

Filt.-Lt. P. O. M. Duff Mitchell, only son of the late Dr. J. M. Duff Mitchell, of Sutton, Surrey, and Mrs. Duff Mitchell, of Warsash, Hants., married Rosemarie Leah Peach at Holy Cross Church, Bearsted, Kent. She is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Peach, of Otteridge, Bearsted, Kent



**Harris—Torpy**

Norman E. Harris, of Southampton, married Margaret Gwendoline Torpy, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Torpy, of Tunbridge Wells, at St. John's Church, Tunbridge Wells



**Owen—Daly**

Major W. Mervyn Owen, R.A.M.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Owen, of Caernarvon, North Wales, and Anne Daly, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. Daly, of Garryduff, Kilbeggan, Co. Westmeath, Eire, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place



**Pearson—Ferguson**

Major G. Campbell Pearson, R.A., Ayrshire Yeomanry, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pearson, of Brienclyff, Old Laxley Hill, I.O.M., married Kathleen M. Ferguson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Ferguson, of Weans, Old Hunstanton, Norfolk, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

(Concluded on page 136)

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught

THE death of the Duke of Connaught constitutes a great loss to the whole British Army, but in particular to the Rifle Brigade, of which he had been Colonel-in-Chief since 1880—a record period of command of sixty-two years. H.R.H. commanded a battalion of the R.B. in 1876, and the higher honour came four years later on his promotion to the rank of Major-General.

The Duke of Connaught was in turn a Sapper, a Horse Gunner and a 7th Hussar, and he had commanded a Brigade of Guards in action in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, but it may be said that practically all his regimental service was as a Rifleman.

The great deeds of the R.B. both in the last war and in this one, and in particular the epic of Calais, were causes of great pride to him, for he was in very deed the father of every Rifleman and took a personal pride in every grand achievement, be it an individual one or some fine deed executed *en masse*.

I should think that it might be true to say of the late Colonel-in-Chief that he made more personal contacts with the officers and men of his command than any other officer occupying a position similar to his own. It was no strange thing, therefore, that he was so beloved by all ranks.

It was entirely fitting that Sir George Arthur should have been invited to broadcast that short elegy, for not only were they friends of long standing, but were comrades in arms in 1882. Sir George Arthur was then in the 2nd Life Guards, who formed part of a composite unit of the Household Cavalry. The charge at Kassassin against the enemy guns was an almost exclusively Household Brigade operation, and did much service at very slight cost.

## A Lighter Memory

THERE is a good story told in connection with that distinguished Cavalry Regiment whose officers, so it is said, are forbidden even to *learn* how to dance. I do not propose to designate the place of the occurrence; it may have been Aldershot or it may have been Bombay or Poona; anyway, it was at an official ball.

The Consort of the G.O.C., observing a bunch of extremely good-looking young officers hanging about and doing nothing in particular, in spite of there being an ample supply of even nicer-looking young women, sent an A.D.C. over to them to enquire why they were not dancing. The A.D.C. came back and reported that the officers were all 10th Hussars, and therefore they did not dance. "Oh, don't they?" said her Excellency. "Then you go back and tell them that if they don't dance they don't sup." The effect is said to have been astounding. The most illustrious figure in the world of foxhunting once remarked that, those who did much dancing would not do much hunting.

However, much later in military history there was corroborative testimony of the fact that the 10th R.H. as a whole did not dance. The ladies of India's Aldershot, Rawal Pindi, provided the evidence. The 10th and other units of that arm which prevents war from developing into a vulgar brawl, had adopted a thing they called the "Cavalry Hop." It was a waltz danced to the tune of "The Keel Row," which is the Cavalry trot. Female Pindi thoroughly disapproved this over-zealous effort to engender the thing called "The Cavalry Spirit."



D. R. Stuart

## M.P. Takes a Holiday to Act as Referee

Mr. W. W. Wakefield, Conservative Member for Swindon, who is also working at the Air Ministry, is an enthusiastic supporter of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Whenever there is a charity rugby match in its aid, "Wakers" is there. An ex-international, "Wakers" is also a cricketer and squash player of distinction. He is seen with his wife and two daughters, Sheila and Ruth, before a recent match which he refereed.

## A Two-Miracle War

MIRACLE NO. 1—Germany's attack on Russia. Miracle No. 2—Japan's attack on the U.S.A. Even without these aids we should have won, but possibly only by a head: with these two miracles we and our friends are going to win by the length of the straight.

## Classic Dates

ANYONE who may be feeling like a bowlful of quivering curds may regain some measure of his balance by scanning the dates assigned by the Jockey Club for this year's classic races: the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas both at Newmarket on Tuesday, April 21st; the Derby and Oaks both at Epsom on May 25th; and the St. Leger at Doncaster on September 1st.

There is, of course, a very necessary proviso that all or any of these races can be run on any racecourse selected by the stewards of the Jockey Club, and on any date within twenty-eight days of the advertised one.

This is all very heartening, and the only thing at which anyone could cavil is that if the Derby and the Oaks are run on the same day, it will deprive his Majesty the King of the chance of bringing off the double with Sun Chariot! This is how good I think she is!

The double has been brought off three times so far: Eleanor, in 1801; Blink Bonny, in 1857; and Signorinetta, in 1908. Many believed that Sceptre would have won both the Derby and Oaks in 1902, but she was none too well ridden in the Derby. She won the Two Thousand, the One Thousand, the Oaks and the Leger. The King's filly is not entered in the Two Thousand, but she is in the other three. Big Game, however, might quite easily be good enough for the other colts in the Two Thousand.

## "Old Soldiers Never . . ."

AND, furthermore, there does not seem to be any good and sufficient reason why, provided they are not "Colonel Blimps," they should be permitted even to fade away. In view of the Prime Minister's



## British Medical Officers at Stalag VIII B

Back row: Captain R. Robertson; Lieut. D. J. Macrae; Captains J. E. S. Carmichael, A. J. King (A.A.M.S.), W. G. France. Standing: Captains A. Carter (A.A.M.S.), A. Wilkinson (A.D.C.), I. O. B. Spencer, P. B. Barker, N. S. Seaford; Lieut. E. M. Pickering (N.F.); Captains A. N. Slater (N.Z.M.C.), N. Altham. Sitting: Majors W. M. Macleod, M. M. Wallis, A. H. Weston, C. W. Horncastle, S. W. Barber. In front: Captains R. F. K. Webster, C. Donald



D. R. Stuart

### Promising Young Tennis Players

Jean Quartier, aged sixteen, from Beckenham, won the under-eighteen singles and the girls' doubles. She was also runner-up in the mixed. With her is Bob Thorn, aged seventeen, also from Beckenham, who won three events in the boys' class, the under-eighteen singles, the under-twenty-one singles and the boys' doubles



### Officers of a Battalion of the Royal Ulster Rifles

Front row: Captains J. Young, A. Morrow, M.C.; Majors G. L. Weeks, J. A. S. Mitchell, M.C., J. E. Reilly, M.C.; the Commanding Officer; Captain R. Brown; Major R. J. Flemming; Captain J. S. Cochrane; Lieut. G. J. Leckey. Middle row: 2nd Lieut. W. B. B. Glasgow; Lieut. J. L. F. Leitch; 2nd Lieut. W. J. Concannon; Lieuts. R. N. Kennedy, M.C., J. N. Dart, S. M. Graig, J. Ellison, F. A. Hollis, H. F. Huiley, F. R. Skillen, S. F. Conkey, F. Robb. Back row: Lieuts. R. Coulter, J. D. Hunter, A. R. Connell, J. H. M. Woods, S. D. Jameson; W. Beck, C. R. Gray; 2nd Lieut. I. E. O. Watson; Lieuts. F. S. Swiney, F. W. Hoyle, W. H. Stafford

recent speech to Congress in Washington, in which he said that there was "a place for everyone, man and woman, old and young, the hale and the halt," it would seem to be in the highest degree undesirable that Red Tape should deprive the country of the services of officers who, even though they may be a bit above the age limit, are fit and well and very amply qualified.

This is said particularly *vis à vis* officers of the Home Guard, now an integral part of the Regular Army. Red Tape says that the limit must be sixty-five, and takes no account of a well-known medical fact that a man is only as old as his arteries. What of those officers who served with great distinction in the last war, and having commanded brigades, divisions, army corps and even armies, possess the advantage of experience of warfare infinitely superior to that of many officers on the active list at the moment?

As I have said, there is no room for the "Blimp" or any other kind of boob, but I am speaking of the Man of War who is still fit, and only too ready to give the country the benefit of his priceless experience for no pay. There are thousands of these fine soldiers who, but for this strangling noose of Red Tape, would be available for instructing our Army of Defence and teaching it how to walk and where to put its feet.

I can only presume that when this limit of sixty-five was fixed the authorities had in mind the prevention of old soldiers being asked to lie out in all weathers on a ridge or hold a hedgerow. This is not the point, however. Fights, like races, are more often won by heads than hands. A man who has had to pilot a brigade or a division in a big scrap would be of priceless value to any unit in the event of an invasion. It is hardly necessary to remind anyone that you very often get the best tune out of an old fiddle. There are many old fiddles that ought to be in the fine orchestra collected in the Home Guard and whose mellow tones would do much to enrich the melody of the band.



### Winners by 3 Points. North of the Thames Public Schools

D. R. Stuart

An exciting match played on Guy's Hospital ground at Honor Oak Park, ended with a score of 20-17. (L. to r.) Standing: M. E. Kempster (Mill Hill), W. H. R. Verran (Mill Hill), J. A. Allport (St. Paul's), D. Watkinson (St. Paul's), H. A. Brashier (referee), J. Rigby (Ampleforth), J. Codrington (Ampleforth), S. T. Theobald (Haileybury), A. C. W. Abrahams (Bedford). Sitting: J. Carmichael (Worksop), J. R. Hartridge (Oundle), P. S. Brodiah (City of London), Major J. H. E. Winston (secretary, Guy's Hospital Rugby), Mr. Charles Burton (organiser and selector of both teams), A. Fairbairn (Haileybury, captain), T. A. S. Anderson (Worksop), D. C. Fontannes (Oundle), F. M. H. Roberts (Bromsgrove)



### Losers by 3 Minutes. South of the Thames Public Schools

D. R. Stuart

With snow falling, the match was lost by the Southerners during the last three minutes. (L. to r.) Standing: G. W. Lamb (Clifton), P. B. McCorkindale (Sutton Valence), B. H. Taylor (Cranbrook), P. H. Barton (King's Taunton), M. E. Vincer (Emmanuel), A. E. Hall (Dulwich), P. T. C. Sanson (Dulwich), J. Burbidge (Whitgift), H. A. Brashier (referee). Sitting: B. W. Cole (Dulwich), R. C. Soukup (Cranleigh), J. H. Barder (Cranleigh), Major J. H. E. Winston (secretary, Guy's Hospital Rugby), Mr. Charles Burton (organiser and selector), G. J. Maughan (Tonbridge, captain), D. M. Stileman (Wellington), J. R. Bennett (Christ's Hospital), D. G. England (Eltham)

# Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

## Cricket or Croquet?

MY recollection of cricket is chiefly confined to an occasion when I was demonstrating my keenness and celerity of action as a fielder and received the cricket ball full in the mouth, with bloody results. But I cannot help noting that the cricketers are turning exceedingly militant.

If anyone says to you, beating vigorously on the bar meanwhile, "we've got too much of this ridiculous, 'is-it-cricket?' attitude in this war. We ought to be more ruthless; more violent; more merciless; more savage," then you can be sure that he was in peacetime a noted cricketer.

Set a thief to catch a thief; but use a cricketer to tear the insides out of a German—or at least that is how it seems to me. For the truth is that on this vexed question of aerial bombing, the cricketer is always on the side of the devils; he always wants more vigorous attacks on the civilian population.

Only the professional airman seems to harbour the slightest compunction in slaughtering with his bombs the babes and sucklings. In fact, the whole attitude of the cricketing fraternity towards air bombing is reminiscent of the story of the Presbyterian citizens of Perth, who rushed into the Battle of Tippermuir with the cry: "Jesus Christ and no quarter!"

The cricketers have their traditions of gentleness and playing the game, but there comes a point when their rules break down and then they seem to turn to the fiercest of all combatants. If England wishes to retain her good name as a combatant who keeps to the Queensberry rules, let her beware how she hands over the direction of air-bombing operations to the cricketers.

Their fury could only be exceeded by the croquet players who might be utterly unrestrained in their methods. It is ever the gambit of the playwright who wishes to make our flesh creep to introduce a small, mild, bespectacled, soft-spoken little man as the

murderer. And in life it does appear that those whose peacetime pursuits were of the gentlest kind are the most violent advocates of war without mercy and without limit.

## R.A.F. Attitudes

THE attitude towards the enemy of those who are in the Royal Air Force varies greatly. Some of them are haters and some are not. The majority on the general duties branch seem to look on the war as a job to be done and evince no signs of emotion in either direction.

But we have the evidence of numerous written statements by officers who have served as pilots or air-crew members that when they saw the way the *Luftwaffe* set about its tasks, the way it bombed French and other refugees, the way it laid waste great towns for no apparent military purpose, they learned to hate the German and his ways and modes of thought and action.

My own opinion is that in our conduct of the air war we have plenty of hate to draw upon, but that hate does not win wars. It may be a necessary ingredient, but the far more important ingredient is scientific planning and thinking.

## Flying Flying-Squads

IT has become very obvious of late that a mobile air unit would be of the utmost value for conducting operations in many theatres. We want a flying flying-squad—a sort of aerial fire brigade which can be rushed to the scene of any conflagration anywhere, and which has developed to the highest point the technique of getting there quickly.

Those who remember the composite aircraft and the way it worked will appreciate that it offers an almost perfect solution to the problem of creating a mobile air unit.

The composite aircraft consists of a large lower component, linked up with a smaller upper component mounted upon its back. The



D. R. Stuart

## P.-O. Christie and Group Captain Massey

Pilot Officer W. T. Christie, D.F.M., was photographed at a bomber station with his C.O., Group Captain H. M. Massey. Pilot Officer Christie recently got his commission as a result of the exploit which won him his decoration

two work together, co-operating in giving lift and thrust, and the entire outfit can get quickly into the air.

When the take-off has been done and height gained, the separation is effected, and the upper component goes on to do its job of bombing or mail-carrying or whatever it may be, while the lower component returns, lands and gets ready to co-operate with another upper component.

Now the lower component is a perfectly normal, large-size aeroplane. It could be used as an air lorry when not engaged on the take-off process, and it would be a very good lorry. It could carry cranes, bomb hoists, spares and supplies of all kinds.

The beauty of the composite launch is that it can be done from a comparatively small aerodrome, and yet the upper component can be got into the air and up to operating height loaded up to the eyebrows with petrol or bombs or both.

So the composite launch, considered as a means of securing air-force mobility, has the following advantages: it enables small, improvised aerodromes to be used for heavily laden, high-speed (upper-component) bombers; it provides the transport for the unit's equipment and spares.

It is, of course, a fully proved invention and, in fact, the international seaplane distance record stands to the credit of the upper component of a composite aircraft, the record flight having been made—in 1938, I think—by Wing Commander D. C. T. Bennett.

## Hypersensitive

As the Air Ministry still shows signs of hypersensitiveness towards anything that can be interpreted as a hint that we ought to return to the two-Service system and that the R.A.F. ought to be split up between the Army and the Navy, I must return to this subject.

Since I last mentioned it I have been looking for any actual suggestions of this kind, and I have been unable to find any among the writings of responsible critics. My own impression is that the criticism of the past has all been directed at cases of imperfect collaboration between the Services, and has never proposed that the R.A.F. should be split up.

For that reason I have found it impossible to feel that there is any need for propaganda in favour of keeping the R.A.F. as it is. Every sensible person seems to understand the necessity for keeping it as it is. All that the critics have asked for is improved co-operation with the other Services, and that we have now had in the Western Desert.

I repeat that there co-operation reached its highest peak. It has never been better done either by ourselves or by the Germans. And that result was the outcome of good work by the R.A.F.



Officers of a Squadron of the Fleet Air Arm

D. R. Stuart

Sitting: Lieut. W. H. C. Blake, Lieut.-Com. C. R. Hodgson, Sq.-Ldr. D. M. Brown; standing: Sub-Lieuts. D. L. Lennard, V. H. Bellamy, R. D. Parkhouse, W. J. Pike, F. G. Mercier



*Men's clothes by*  
**Drescott**

There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott clothes because of the limitation of supplies imposed by H.M. Government on all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

# Getting Married (Continued)



**Scopes — Jackson**

Lieut. Douglas Peter Scopes, The Northamptonshire Regiment, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Scopes, of Wilmer Way, Southgate, married Margaret Heather Jackson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Waller Jackson, of Heathervale, Oakleigh Park, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Macdonald — Kirkham**

Sgt. Pilot Colin Macdonald, R.A.F.V.R., second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Macdonald, of Cheam, married Margaret Isabel (Peggy) Kirkham at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. T. Kirkham, of Northwood, Middlesex



**West — Young**

Lieut. A. H. West, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex West, of Somerset House, Holbeach St. Marks, Lincs., and Angela Bridget Young, second daughter of the late G. C. Young, and Mrs. Young, of 62, Ridgeway Place, Wimbledon, were married at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wimbledon



**Cheales — Ruston**

The Rev. Henry Arthur Cheales, Royal Army Chaplain's Department, second son of the late Rev. A. W. R. Cheales and Mrs. Cheales, of Broadwell, Moreton-in-Marsh, married Barbara Dorothy Ruston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Ruston, late of Malvern Wells, Worcestershire, at St. Mary's Church, Staines

Captain Peter Milne, only son of the late Preston M. Milne, and of Mrs. Milne, of Harrogate, married Patricia Brenan at St. James's, Spanish Place. She is the only daughter of T. H. Dowse Brenan, and the late Mrs. Dowse Brenan, of 26, Draycott Place, S.W.3



**Milne — Brenan**



**White — Cater**

Captain Alex Hemsley White, son of Alderman and Mrs. A. H. White, of Ewlands House, Priltwell Chase, Westcliff-on-Sea, and Doreen Cater were married at St. John's, Byfleet. She is the daughter of Mr. H. C. Cater, and the late Mrs. Cater, of Oakfield, Pyrfor Wood, Woking



**Scott — Huie**

Lieut. C. G. Scott, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Scott, of Richmond, Surrey, and Elizabeth Huie, younger daughter of the late A. F. Huie, and Mrs. Huie, of Auchinbreck, Campbeltown, Argyll, were married in Scotland



**Abrahams — McLeay**

Sq.-Ldr. Richard James Abrahams, R.A.F., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Abrahams, of Edgeland House, Eastbourne, and Joyce Louisa McLeay, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. W. McLeay, of Crondall End, Yateley, Hants., were married at Yateley Parish Church

From tapping  
a typewriter



To driving  
a tractor



Country air and exercise  
instead of a stuffy office and crowded  
'buses . . . She's one of the people  
who may no longer need

**'SANATOGEN'**

Regd. Trade Mark

**NERVE-TONIC FOOD**



## Every woman knows

There's a world of difference between just being in uniform, and wearing a uniform that fits you like your smartest tweeds. A uniform in which you can have every confidence that you look as well from the back as from the front. In which you know that the shoulder line, while soldierly, is still not aggressively masculine; and that the skirt neither bags or sags, but will keep its band-box new line fore and aft, in spite of far harder wear than any skirt should be expected to undergo. Every woman knows these things, and that is why we have made it our business to know them too.

**AUSTIN REED**

OF REGENT STREET

103-113 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1



Practical outfits for women who have to work and are not in the Services are to be seen at Finnigans, New Bond Street. There are trouser-skirts, slacks and the accepted plain affairs cleverly pleated in front and at the back. Illustrated above is a pair of corduroy slacks accompanied by a waistcoat-jacket. The front is of suède and the back knitted; the latter device allows the wearer perfect freedom. It is available in many colour schemes, and each garment is sold separately. It seems almost unnecessary to add that assembled here is a collection of tailored suits for the spring, in tweed and suiting



Simplicity itself is the classic house gown above. It was designed and carried out by Jaegar, of Regent Street, in candy pink heavy flannel, but as it is perfectly ventilated it is warm without being oppressive. There is extra fullness in the skirt, with a suspicion of a train at the back. As will be seen, it buttons from tip to toe and is finished with a soft tie belt. Dressing-gowns have usurped the place of last year's siren suits; pyjamas are rapidly coming to the fore again. Spring three-piece suits and coats and skirts have arrived, the lines of which are flattering; pockets have been inserted, not for decorative purposes but for use

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION BY M. E. BROOKE

Much water has passed under London Bridge since Innes Henderson and Co. (Hawick) introduced the Braemar specialities which are sold by outfitters of prestige. It is pleasant to be able to record that there are a number of pure cashmere twin sets, cardigans and jumpers to be obtained. A trio of Braemar accessories are on the right, from which an idea may be obtained for the variation of an outfit, as they are sold separately in many colours. In the striped jumper cashmere and wool are present; the jacket is of wool trimmed to harmonise with the jumper; then it must be mentioned that the skirt is of Shetland tweed. As usual, this firm is offering some admirably tailored suits carried out in a knitted fabric but having the appearance of tweed



Get more warmth  
from your  
**FERRANTI**  
Radiant Electric FIRE  
by keeping the Reflector bright



**J**UST as a clean window gives most light, the polished surface of the *reflector* of your FERRANTI Fire needs to be kept bright in order to direct the heat rays *across* the room and so provide maximum comfort. A tarnished *reflector* permits the heat to rise to the ceiling, where it tends to create a stuffy atmosphere.

If your FERRANTI Fire is not giving maximum efficiency, or if you have an old fire which has been discarded, you will probably find that some minor replacement will bring it into active service again. Our expert advice is always available to users of FERRANTI Fires.

**FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST**

FERRANTI LTD., Moston, MANCHESTER, 10  
London Showrooms: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2

77201

**TANGO**



A Guarantee of  
Finest Fur Felt Hats



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO H.M. THE KING

*Lillywhites* LTD

**TAILORED UNIFORMS  
FOR ALL BRITISH, DOMINION AND  
ALLIED SERVICES**



Price List  
on application

**LILLYWHITES LTD.  
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, S.W.1**

Telephone: WHItchall 3181

## Social Roundabout

(Continued from page 118)

writes stirringly of "La Place de la France," and the current issue also contains an article by Free-French Air-Commodore Valin about the prowess of young French pilots; E. M. Friedwald cracks off about Japan, and there is depressing information about "the agony of French industry," "the undernourishment of French miners," and "the dismemberment of France."

### Weddings

MR. CHARLES STAINFORTH, of the Indian Army, married Miss Elizabeth Easdale at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. He is the son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel H. G. Stainforth, C.M.G., and of Lady Knight, and the bridegroom's brother was best man. There were no bridesmaids, and at the reception besides the respective mothers of bride and bridegroom, were Lord and Lady Ypres, Mrs. L. S. Amery, Major General Sir Arthur and Lady Scott, Sir Gervais and Lady Rentoul, Sir Archibald and Lady Edmondstone, Sir Hugh and Lady Dawson, Mrs. John Monck, Miss Susan Stainforth, and Major L. S. Lowman.

Two other recent weddings were Captain Ambrose Crawley's to Miss Anne Clarence Smith, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street, and Mr. E. R. Lawrence's to Miss Betty Neve, daughter of Mr. Eric Neve, K.C. at Westminster Church, Hammersmith.

### Big Dance in Wiltshire

THERE were over three hundred people at a dance in aid of the Red Cross, at the Morrisons' house, Fonthill, in Wiltshire, quite like an old world hunt ball, except that most of the men were in uniform. The women weren't, but most of them were local F.A.N.Y.s or something.

Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay took a large party; Lady Weymouth was there, looking lovely, Lady Dorothea Head, Lord Shaftesbury's daughter, whose husband is in the Blues, Sir Richard Cotterell, also in the Blues, whose wife was Lady Lettice Lygon, attractive Mrs. George Sheffield with her husband, the Duke of Rutland, Lord and Lady Stavordale, and, among the

F.A.N.Y.s, Miss Jane Eastment, youngest of the three Eastment sisters from Drayton, in Somerset.

Plenty of drink, but rather a mixture: no champagne, of course. But every one extremely gay, and pleased to be having a party.

### Cocktail Party

MRS. MACINTYRE, one of the nicest of the nice Australians over here, had a party on moving into her new Knightsbridge flat. Her daughter, Bettine, nearly grown up, and young son, Keith, who is going into our Navy, were there, efficiently handing drinks and cigarettes and dealing with the telephone, and other Australians among the guests were Mrs. Delmer Morgan, Mrs. Eric Palmer, in the W.V.S., and Mr. Tommy Cochran. The Belgian Baron de Dorlodot has changed over from khaki into Air Force uniform, with lovely gold wings won in the last war, and General le Gentilhomme was representing France. Lady Moore-Guggisberg (Decima Moore, the actress, who ran the Leave Club in Paris in the last war) was there, Lady Monkswell, in black, Mr. Fisher, whose explorer wife, Violet Cressy Marcks, is out in the East, and Sir Walter Allen.

### Ballet First Night

THE New Theatre was packed for the first performance of Robert Helpmann's lovely new ballet, *Comus*. Decor, clothes and masks (executed by Alick Johnstone, Matilda Etches, and Hugh Skillen respectively) were by Oliver Messel, and as brilliant as anything he has ever done. He is now a captain, and appeared, in khaki, for some of the many curtain calls at the uproariously applauded end of the ballet. Robert Helpmann is *Comus*, Margot Fonteyn the Lady, Margaret Dale the Attendant Spirit, and Moyra Fraser Sabrina the River Goddess.

Among the crowd there were Mr. Cecil Beaton, Lord Annaly, Captain and Mrs. Bobbie Jenkinson, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, and Andrée Howard (who was responsible for two outstanding Ballet Rambert productions, *Lady Into Fox*, and *Fête Etrange*).

### Two Films

GARBO and Bette Davis films both arriving in the same week was an excitement, but the Garbo one is rather horrifying, with the lovely creature being

as skittish as if she were a little dimpling blonde, and even going so far as to elaborate on the conga all by herself in the middle of a restaurant. She just doesn't croon with it, but it is touch and go. It is sad that one of the only film actresses capable of being really tragic, beautiful and dignified should bother with such stuff.

The Bette Davis one, *The Little Foxes*, is a lovely bit of macabre atmosphere, about a sinister money-grubbing family which Herbert Marshall has married into. Bette is splendid as the ambitious, mercenary, hard glittering woman who doesn't give a damn for her husband, and her brothers, pathetic sister-in-law and semi-idiot nephew are all grand in their different roles.

### From Ireland

SIR JOHN MAFFEY, British Representative in Ireland, went to the pantomime *Hansel and Gretel* at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, on the eleventh performance after its opening. He was welcomed from the stage by Jimmy O'Dea, the well-known Dublin comedian, who has a leading part in the pantomime, and who is known both in Ireland and England, having toured over here several times, and played in films.

Lady Maffey was with Sir John, also Mr. John Betjeman, Press Attaché.

### Pictures

THE Leicester Galleries are exhibiting modern French pictures and contemporary English art, rather a curious mixture. The English ones include some very recognisable Graham Sutherlands—his landscapes are as like one another as portraits by an artist who keeps harping on the same model, and have a curious predominance of petunia pink—an apoplectic Matthew Smith, some nice Sickerts, and a Lucien Freud very much "after" Paul Klee.

Among the French ones Dominique Paul-Peyronnet's are attractive, with very blue, stylised sea, the waves neatly scalloped; Van Dongen's "Parisienne" is nice, little dog and all, and Utrillo and Paul Gauguin are represented with "Le Consulat d'Auvergne, Montmartre" and "Baigneuses à Tahiti" respectively.

MORE POPULAR  
THAN EVER



In the Mess, in hotels, restaurants and bars—no less than in the home—the call is for Whitbread's superb Pale Ale.

Brewed from British hops and barley; appetizing, refreshing, stimulating, Whitbread's superb Pale Ale is more popular than ever.

# WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

BREWED & BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.1

Are  
chain smokers  
hard hit?



If you're a chain smoker perhaps the present shortage of some brands doesn't hit you so hard as all that—if you smoke from habit, any brand will do. But we sympathise with anyone to whom smoking is a solace and a satisfaction. Four Square cigarettes (even in the days of plenty) were not for chain smokers but for those who really enjoyed each cigarette. And that's a fact worth remembering when, from necessity or choice, you give up chain smoking.

**FOUR  SQUARE**  
20 for 1/6

*for those who really ENJOY a cigarette*



## Ordered Overseas

ONE thing you are bound to need—an all purpose Active Service overcoat and that is an exact, literal description of the Vitabeau.

The Vitabeau with its wonderful Tropical interlining, gives you protection against *all* the elements. It is storm-proof—and only those who have been there can know what tropical rain is like. It is cold-proof—ask the 8th Army what desert nights can be like. It is even Flame-proof.

Yet with all that the Vitabeau is light in weight and is as smart to look at as you want a service coat to be. The Vitabeau Military Coat is obtainable in all usual stock sizes.

## THE **Vitabeau** MILITARY COAT

Obtainable at leading Military Outfitters, all Austin Reed's branches and principal stores throughout the country. If unobtainable write for the nearest supplier to Sole Manufacturers: Vitabuoy Products, Ltd., Beaufort House, Gravel Lane, London, E.1. Telephone: Bishopsgate 6565.

# Normandie Hotel

AND RESTAURANT KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.7  
KEN 1400

LUNCHEON · DINNER · DANCING  
TO THE GREGORY QUARTET 8.30-12.30

Single Rooms and Bath . . . 12/6  
Single Rooms and Private Bath 15/-  
Double Rooms . . . from 21/-  
Inclusive weekly terms by arrangement

SPECIAL TERMS  
TO HIS MAJESTY'S  
FORCES AND  
THEIR FAMILIES

## NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT

CLARGES STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1

COCKTAIL BAR

LUNCHEONS

DINNERS

## FLEMING'S HOTEL

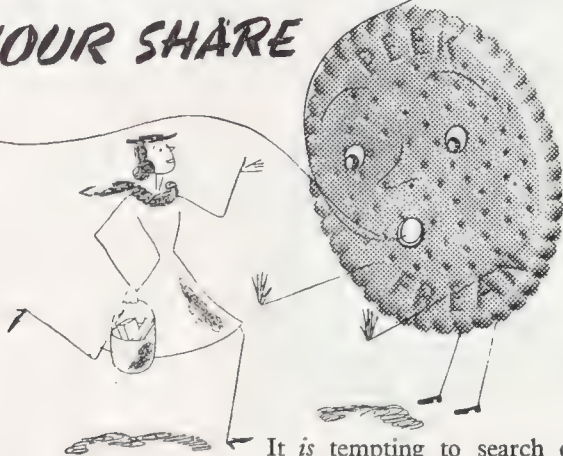
HALF MOON STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1

A COMFORTABLE AND PEACEFUL HOTEL. DOUBLE AND  
SINGLE ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATHROOMS

Phone: GROsvenor 2964

Grams: FLEMingtel, Audley, London

I AM RATHER  
RARE—ONLY ASK  
YOUR SHARE



It is tempting to search everywhere for Peek Frean's—to enjoy that unvarying quality for which these biscuits are famous. But please don't do it. Trust your regular dealer, who will consider you all the more if you are patient and understand his many difficulties.

# Peek Frean's

BRITAIN'S CRISPEST BISCUITS

# Round the Restaurants

Lunching, Dining and Dancing

## New Clarges

I REALLY am amazed that this beautiful hotel-restaurant is not yet full to the brim, but it will be very soon, so take my advice and step in while the going's good. Jack Pavitt's Victory Bar is the first attraction when you visit this swagger but quiet address in Clarges Street, before you sit down to a reasonably priced but unreasonably satisfying luncheon or dinner. The restaurant has lighting, decoration and service which alone in themselves are a comfort in these stupid times. There is no music or dancing to disturb you and I think if I could afford it, I would live at Fleming's Hotel (which is one and the same thing) for quite a while. As it is, a visit or a stay is possible to one and all and M. Martinez will make you very much at home.



## Hatchett's

I HAVE nothing very new to say about this essentially British landmark in Piccadilly, and certainly nothing bad. Manager Gerold keeps the place packed for luncheon and evening enjoyments, and he still will, as I am assured that service, quality of food and wines, entertainment and general comfort are liable to carry on for quite a while. Hatchett's Swingtlet, who have added to their fame by playing daily in *Get a Load of This*, keep dancing going pleasantly on that tiny floor from dinner time until the late hours. If you want to watch and enjoy the dancing but not participate, try a balcony seat. Whenever I go to Hatchett's, I like to be kept waiting for just a little while. Why? Three more than pleasant bars, one for MEN ONLY, but then I'm a married man.

## The Lansdowne

At this luxurious subterranean restaurant in Lansdowne Row there are no luncheons served on Saturday or Sunday, but apart from that "the rest of the week's your own," including Sunday night when Fernandez takes a well-deserved holiday and hands over to Louis, who runs a very useful dinner-dance lasting till midnight. As restaurant manager, M. Fernandez has given superb lunches and dinners to hundreds of Londoners and visitors to London, but I think it only fair to mention Tim Clayton and his orchestra, which is a magnetical attraction to those who take dancing seriously. A well-stocked bar, halfway down to food, makes an attractive break. Dinner-dances on week nights as well, of course.

## The White Tower

THAT quiet little luncheon or dinner is enjoyed so reasonably in this nice Grecian restaurant. Open every day except Sundays—no music or dancing—but serious attractions in the form of attractive dishes. Moussaka, for example, is Greek for Shepherd's Pie, but try it and you'll understand why I, when war is over, shall be a shepherd in Greece. Follow with Galatobureko, a delicately stuffed flaked pastry which melts in your mouth and is just sweet enough to make you appreciate the goodness of M. Stais's vin rouge en carafe.



# Aristile

(LISLE)

AND

# Raystoc

(RAYON)

CREATED TO MEET

WARTIME CONDITIONS

BY

# Aristoc

The Aristocrats of fully-fashioned Stockings

### The May Fair

ONE of the few vast hotels in which one gets an immediate feeling of cheerfulness and friendliness. When I went in the other night the first thing I saw was an American naval commander with two lieutenant-commanders (all of whom surpassed Robert Taylor and Gary Cooper in looks) having drinks with three W.A.A.F. officers that Mr. Cochrane would welcome in any glamour show. There seems indeed to be a get-together spirit at the May Fair, and nearby Mr. Frank Fisher, the general manager, was keenly debating deep-sea fishing with our old boxing friend, Captain Jack Peterson, another authority on deep-sea angling. Over the way was what Ronald Frankau describes as the Clan Frankau—present in full force—Renée his wife, Pamela and her sister Ursula, and Joy, his daughter by his first marriage. A happy gathering in a very happy hotel.

### The Normandie

So near and yet so far—but not too far. A gentle stroll from noisy Piccadilly, for a few minutes in a cab bring you to this delightful spot in Knightsbridge, which has been going strong ever since M. Majori took over some five years ago. Primarily a residential hotel (and still one of the best with special terms for Service people), the Normandie receives most of its clientele on the restaurant side. This is hardly surprising as food and service are of the very best for midday or evening occasions. The Gregory Quartet plays each week night for extremely pleasing dancing which goes on till morning. On Sunday nights there is no dancing, but an equally interesting dinner is served and the quiet makes a change.

### The New Queens

DAVE JAVA and his band still continue to give a slick time to dancers and diners. On weekday nights, and what do they do on Saturdays? At 9 p.m. they start playing a few haunting melodies and, quite uninvited, the audience finds itself involved in the most glorious sing-song. The price of meals varies in an unembarassing manner from a few shillings to a few pounds. Maybe this accounts for all ranks of all Services being present on all occasions. The New Queen's, situated in the heart of the West End, is a handy spot for lunch, as well, preferably preceded by an "Eye Opener" at Charlie's Bar downstairs. On pavement level there are two other bars, one being the luxurious Cresta Bar where I like to drop in sometimes and buy myself—a bitter!

### Martinez

How long will the world last? I don't know. How long will those casks of sherry wine still pour out at the Andalusian Bar in Martinez? I don't know. But while both continue to function (even the latter in a restricted degree) I shall still visit this corner of Spain for drinks and food that take one back to the good old times. In the evening there is the choice of a quiet dinner upstairs or a noisy one down in that cellar spot to the Ross Cuban Boys' dance music. Without decrying British fare in any possible way, allow Señor Martinez or Manager Negri to show you that sometimes there can be a pleasant difference. Make Martinez your next luncheon rendezvous.

D. G.



*Famous for Fine  
Quality*



LIMITED SUPPLIES  
FROM  
FAMILY GROCERS

## LANDSDOWNE RESTAURANT

LANDSDOWNE ROW, W.1

DINNER : SUPPER : DANCING  
to Tim Clayton and his orchestra

Open for Luncheon

Mayfair 1657

Air Conditioned

## GREEK RESTAURANT

"The White Tower"  
(late Eiffel Tower)

1 Percy Street, W.1  
MUSEUM 2187

GREEK FOOD IN ARCADIAN SURROUNDINGS  
A CORNER OF GREECE IN LONDON

OPEN FOR LUNCH AND DINNER—EXCEPT SUNDAYS

*Dance*  
TO THE  
**HATCHETT'S**  
RESTAURANT PICCADILLY  
★ *Swingtet* ★  
featuring STEPHANE GRAPPELLE  
Dancing from 8.30 p.m. to Morning  
PRIVATE AIR RAID SHELTER TELEPHONE REGENT 0217

## MARTINEZ RESTAURANT

Swallow Street, Piccadilly, W.1

Reg. 5066

OPEN FOR LUNCH AND DINNER, Sunday included.  
No music. International cuisine—especially Spanish.  
In Andalusian Lounge best sherries and cocktails.

JUST OPEN

DANCE OR LISTEN

DANCE AND DINE IN SAFETY IN OUR DEEP SHELTER VAULTS  
Ross Cuban Boys band from 7.30 till 11.45 p.m.—Sundays excepted

★ OPEN AS USUAL  
THE NEW  
**Queens**  
BRASSERIE  
FULLY LICENSED FOR  
LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS  
Dancing to Java and his Orchestra  
NEXT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

## To Standard— and above it

This W.A.A.F. Officer's Greatcoat is at once strictly to standard and well above it. For in cut, style and tailoring it sums up to a total of distinction and elegance that is unusual, judged by any standards—service or civilian. Moss Bros. make it to measure for you in a minimum of time. Their uniforms and greatcoats for officers in all the Women's Services are all equally well turned out whether made-to-measure or ready-for-wear, and accessories are available in a wide range.



# MOSS BROS. & CO. LTD.

Naval, Military and R.A.F. Outfitters

### NEW A.T.S. HAT

The "Walking-out" Hat, regulation pattern, can be supplied ready to wear.

Officers ... 37'6

Other ranks 10'6

(with badge)

Please write for Women's Price List

**COVENT GARDEN**  
Corner of King St. & Bedford St., W.C.2

TEMPle Bar 4477 (12 lines)

Also 3-5 Upper Union St., Aldershot; 76 Park St., Bristol; 5 St. Ann's Sq., Manchester 2; 13 The Hard, Portsmouth. And Bournemouth, Camberley, Dorking, Droitch, Heysham, Hove, Ilkley, Llandrindod Wells, Salisbury, Shoreham, Shrivensham and York.

# Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

IT was a very dissatisfied tenant who approached the landlord of the new house.

"Look here," he said, "that house I've just taken from you is horridly draughty. I've spent pounds on heating arrangements, but wherever I my hair is blown all over my head. Can't you do something about it?"

The landlord shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he replied. "I think it would be easier and cheaper for you to get your hair cut."

SHE was pretty and ambitious and had studied the matrimonial problem to a nicety.

"Yes, I suppose I shall marry eventually," she said, "but the only kind of masculine nuisance that will suit me must be tall and dark, with classical features. He must be brave, yet gentle. He must be strong—a lion among men, but a knight among women."

That evening a bow-legged, lath-framed, chinless youth, wearing grubby flannel bags and smoking a cigarette that smelt worse than an old boot burning, came up to the door, and the girl knocked a cut-glass dish off the sideboard in her haste to let him in.

AFTER examining his patient, a widow, the doctor smiled gently.

"There's nothing wrong with you, madam," he said. "Your nerves are rather on top of you. You lead rather too lonely a life. Have you ever thought of getting married again?"

"Oh, doctor!" she gasped. "Is this a proposal?"

He held up a warning-off hand as he replied quickly:

"A doctor prescribes medicine; he doesn't take it!"

THE touring company had a terrible week in the provincial town. There was nothing available for salaries, and the hero of the company was forced to consider leaving his lodgings without the formality of payment.

Carefully he collected and packed his belongings; then slowly he let the suitcase down into the garden from the upper window.

Suddenly the cheerful voice of his landlady floated up to him:

"It's all right, sir; I've got hold of the bag. You can let go the rope now."

BOMBS, machine gunning and "dog-fights" overhead did not stop the old gardener getting on with his job. When the "All Clear" had sounded his employer went to speak to him.

"Why didn't you come indoors while that was on?" he asked.

"Oh, that's all right, sir," replied the old chap cheerfully. "When the bombs began to drop I took cover in the greenhouse."



"Would it help the Government if we cut down the size of our notes?"

Every little helps. One newspaper, weighing as it does in these days of limited space, just one ounce, can be transformed into two dust covers for aero-engines. It provides the material for one cut-out target. Your "Tatler" weighs 5½ ozs. Think what that means to the country. If you're mathematically minded you can work it out for yourself. One ton of paper can be transformed into 1,500 shell containers, 3,000 boxes for aero-cannon shells, 9,000 shell fuse components, 11,000 mine assemblies, 36,000 cut-out targets, 71,000 dust covers for aero-engines. There are 35,840 ozs. in one ton. Think about it seriously. It will make you throw out from cupboards and shelves, all those books, magazines, papers you've been unconsciously hoarding to the advantage of the enemy.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

# VAPEX

WILL STOP  
THAT COLD



From your Chemist, 2/3 and 3/4

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.  
A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF



NOW MORE THAN EVER  
CHILDREN NEED

# BERMALINE

WHOLE WHEAT AND MALT  
BREAD

From all Good Bakers!

MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD. - IBBOX - GLASGOW

# FIRTH VICKERS "STAYBRITE" SUPER STAINLESS STEEL

*Ideal table  
equipment in  
these servantless  
days*



Owing to the large demand we are at present greatly restricted as regards the purposes for which this steel can be supplied

**FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD. SHEFFIELD**



## SAFE DEPOSIT

"Are you absolutely sure that this is absolutely safe?"

"Entirely secure, sir, humanly speaking. We are deep underground, sir, the vaults are of reinforced concrete many feet thick, and the main door weighs forty-seven and three-quarter tons. There are other precautions which I am not at liberty to mention."

"I'm glad to hear it, because this is a very special parcel."

"We are used to special parcels here, sir. Diamond tiaras, mink coats, bonds, deeds and documents are all entrusted to our care."

"Well, don't breathe it to a soul, but this parcel contains three whole bottles of genuine Rose's Lime Juice. They're hard to come by, these days. Very hard. So I'm keeping them for the victory celebrations."

"But doubtless, sir, there will be plenty of Rose's Lime Juice after the war?"

"You can bet your shirt on it, but I'm taking no chances. I want Schickelgruber to have the hangover — not me. And now I must make a noise like a bee — got to see a Hun about a Messerschmitt."

**ROSE'S** — the Wise Man's Nightcap

**HAPPY EVENT!**

A MOTHER-TO-BE, and she looks her prettiest! All DU BARRY MODELS are designed on a patented principle (Patent No. 2811) which makes them comfortable and concealing. Come and try on some of the really smart styles or send for beautiful folio of designs. The woollen suit as sketched in lovely range of colours 5 gns.

**COUPON ECONOMY**

Du Barry's New Coupon - Free Department will re-model your dress after the event.

**Du Barry**  
MATERNITY WEAR

MAYfair 0118

DU BARRY — New Showrooms  
68 DUKE ST., OXFORD ST., W.1  
(opposite Selfridges)

## C. G. NORMAN & Co.

46/52 VAUXHALL BRIDGE  
ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

VICTORIA 7611

wish to purchase second-hand cars in good condition, any horse power: write, 'phone or call with full particulars. Cash offer will be made at once. Cars with damaged coachwork also purchased.

## JACQMAR

regret

that they are unable to hold the customary Sale of tweeds and silks owing to shortage of staff.

They are, however, allowing  
**10% DISCOUNT**

off all purchases of FABRICS and SCARVES during the month of JANUARY.

**JACQMAR**  
16 GROSVENOR STREET, W.1

*The*  
**HOUSE  
of  
SEAGER**

TRADE MARK

In these days of national emergency and limitation of supplies, we would ask the kind indulgence of both the public and the retailer for any disappointment experienced in obtaining our products

## SEAGERS

GIN - - - - 17/-  
EGG FLIP - - 11/6

COCKTAILS:

Super - - - - 10/6  
Full-strength 9/6  
SEGA VIN - - 8/6

SEAGER, EVANS & CO., LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1803  
DISTILLERS OF FINE GIN SINCE 1803 FOR OVER 135 YEARS

BEST VALUE FOR COUPONS



OBTAINABLE ALL OVER BRITAIN



ENQUIRIES TO: NICOLL CLOTHES  
MIDDLESEX HOUSE  
CLEVELAND STREET  
LONDON, W.1

WEST-END AGENTS:

**Nicolls of Regent St**  
120 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1 REG. 1951

**SAUCEPANS MADE SPITFIRES—OLD BOOKS MAKE SHELL CASES. TURN THEM OUT NOW—THE NEED IS URGENT!**



The Mill near Wijk bij Duurstede, by Jacob van Ruisdael (1628-1682)

## The ever-turning wheel...

A world without wheels. . . . Impossible to imagine, so all-pervading is their influence. The power the wheel generates grinds the flour for our bread, weaves the cloth we wear, shapes and creates the materials that house us, brings these essentials of our lives to us. . . .

And when you think of wheels, what names come into your mind? Why, Daimler, of course, and Lanchester and B.S.A. for cars. But the wheels within wheels also make B.S.A. Tools and Machine Tools,

Jessop and Saville's Special Steels, the Monochrome Hardchrome Process, Daimler Buses . . . magnificent productions that have helped to make British engineering famous throughout the world.

**BSA\***

produces:

Daimler Cars  
Lanchester Cars  
B.S.A. Bicycles  
B.S.A. Cars and Motor Cycles  
Jessop & Saville Special Steels  
B.S.A. & Burton Griffiths Tools  
Monochrome Hardchrome Process  
B.S.A. Guns and Rifles  
Daimler Buses

\*The Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd., England